





Ellen Peckham Seagle

SUZANNE La ROS

Katinka Kip

Lucy Blount

Leone Oliff - Lee

Roberta Lord

Patricia Rathbun

Alice Campbell King

Jean Wickman



Anne Sullivan

Katherine Dickson

Patricia Wernicke

Audrey Agathon

Mary Hicks

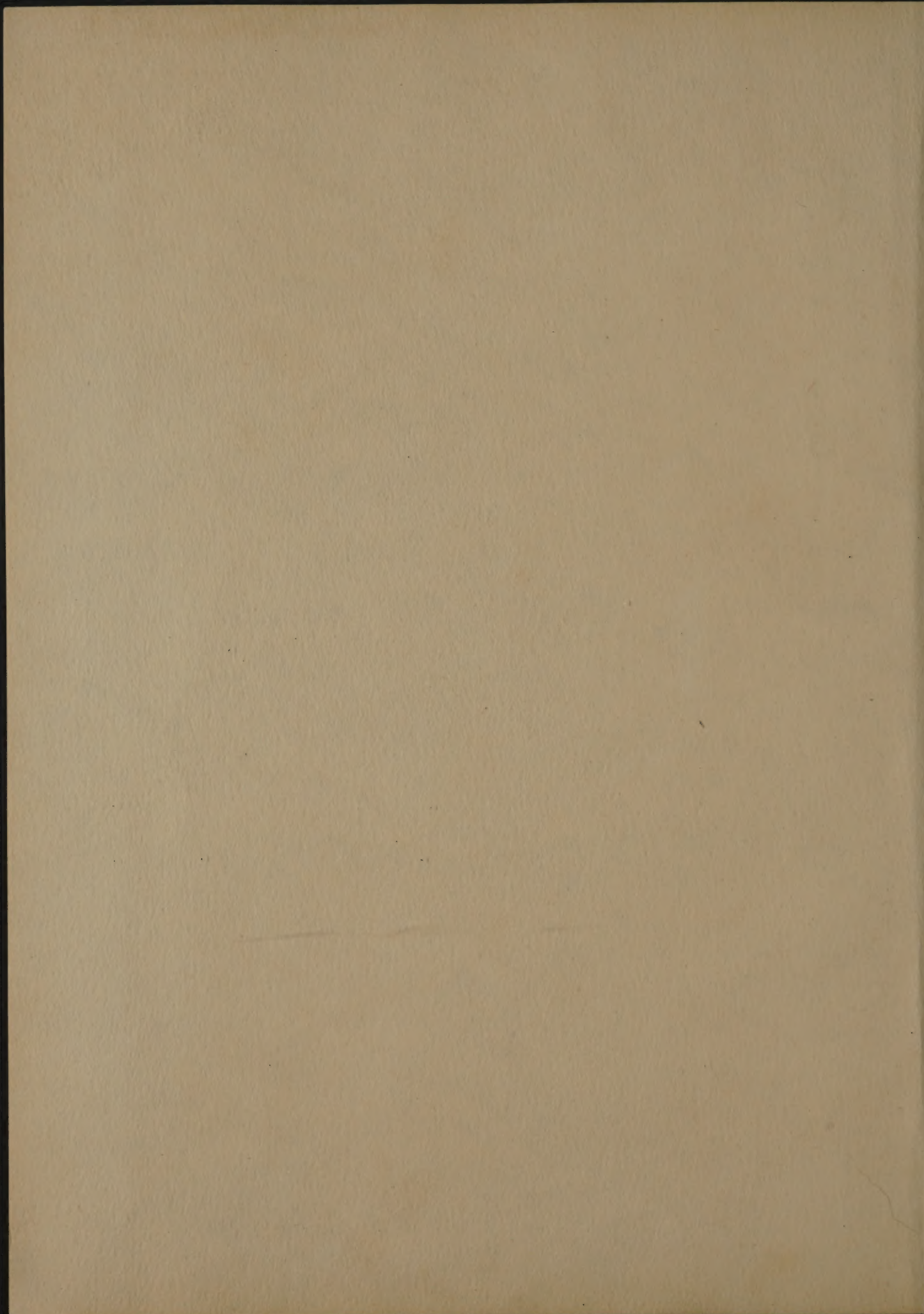
Jeanette Blach

Franine du Plessis

Betty Lee Blair

Yadine Fichette Berin.







Dear Barbara  
I know you'll make  
a wonderful captain but  
please don't lead your  
team to victory.  
Love,  
Donna

Dear Barbara!  
Hail auoque!  
Way be I'll see  
you this summer, but  
I don't know you'll  
be a terrific captain  
said to Alice, I may even  
attend gym more regularly.  
Love & luck  
Sandy  
Sol

Dear Barbara!  
It was loads of  
fun working with you on  
~~your~~ new film - you really  
are a wonderful organizer (a  
great compliment, huh?!) - Lots of  
love, you had a brain, & don't forget  
to say that Math was so we can  
take Math next year -  
Love & love  
Jim

Dear Barbara;  
I have dread  
written! - Good luck  
anyway.  
Love,  
Joanne alias Carl's



Dean "Shuttle", (and hempton)

really stuck. I'm afraid it's yours  
for life. Congrats on Capt of White  
feases. It's just terrific. We really had  
a terrific time this year. That little brown  
striped animal is winning at me now. He  
really is adorable. Doris forget to write me  
this summer if you correspond with  
already too heavy. I love your hair  
short and curly. Next year we will  
really play soccer. (I expect you will  
learn over the summer from mm. pro.)

and take loads more of those summer  
sailing pictures. Next year I guess we  
will have to learn how to mix developer  
without using our hands. (Miss deevine  
doesn't seem to appreciate it, but I think  
it definitely improves the developer  
flavor and coloration, you know)

You are coming!  
To visit me much cet éfé!  
Have fun!  
Love  
"D.D."



Dear "Shuttle" -  
Well  
another year is almost  
done and what a year  
it was. It was full of lots  
of laughs, don't you agree?  
Have a diving summer and get  
good and rested for next year. Ugh!  
Love and luck  
your cob weather friend  
Charlotte

# THE YEARBOOK

## OF

# THE SPENCE SCHOOL

*"non scholae sed vitae discimus"*

# 1948

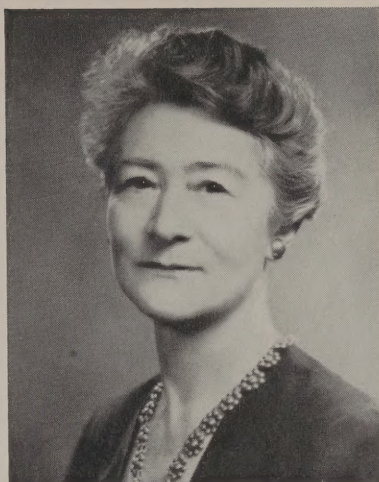
TWENTY-TWO EAST NINETY-FIRST STREET  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



# DEDICATION

Grâce aux efforts continus et patients du "French Department" notre étude de la langue française a toujours été extrêmement vivante et intéressante. C'est donc avec une reconnaissance profonde et affectueuse que nous dédions notre "Yearbook" à Madame Héry, à Madame Bertrand, et à Mademoiselle de Commaille.

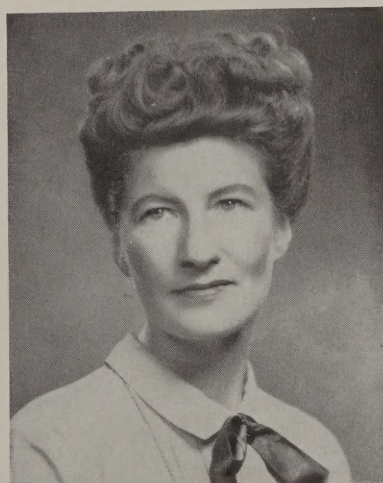




MADAME E. D. HÉRY



MADAME  
JACQUELINE-MARTHE  
BERTRAND



MADemoisELLE ANNE-MARIE DE COMMAILLE







Dear Members of the Class of 1948:

It is with special pride that I send my best wishes to the Yearbook Board and to all the members of the graduating class. Some of us have worked together for many years. Now that you are ready to bid us good-bye, I must tell you some of the unspoken thoughts that have been in my mind over the years.

You are a class of energy and ability, and I am sure you will be successful in college and in your future careers. You have intelligence, humor, curiosity, and generosity. You have persistence, a fair amount of patience, kindness, enthusiasm, and a good balance of self-assurance with humility. You are a class of spirit and optimism and yet are practical and realistic. I think you have many characteristics which will make you high-minded and useful citizens, and at the same time good wives and mothers. Because your teachers and I have helped cultivate these virtues, we feel that you belong to us, and that you are indeed Spence products. We send you out into the world with pride and confidence. We judge you now as adults and find you to be a delightful and worth-while group of students.

My best wishes go with you and my hope that, as we look on you with pride, you in turn will always look on your school with pride—and loyalty.

Always affectionately,

*Dorothy B. Osborne*

*Headmistress*



## Class of 1948

*President*  
LEONE OLLIFF-LEE

*Vice-President*  
MARY HICKS

---



AUDREY ELIZABETH AGATHON

55 East 86th Street

Entered 1936

Vice-President of Student Government  
Photography Editor of the Yearbook  
Vice-President of the Camera Club  
Member of the Glee Club  
Member of the Science Club

*Rather than love, than money, than  
fame, give me truth.*

*Sing away sorrow, cast away care.*

NADINE MICHELLE ANNE BERTIN

1035 Fifth Avenue

Entered 1943

President of the Glee Club  
Member of the Science Club  
Member of the Debating Society  
Member of the French Committee





Dear Barbara,  
 I don't ever  
 think I shall forget  
 you for you were the  
 best "guard" I ever had  
 during the basketball season.  
 Really terrific! I envy all those "whites"  
 who will be under your fine  
 leadership next year!  
 Best always,  
 Betty.

BETTY EVE BLAIR

15 East 58th Street

Entered 1945

President of the Boarding Department

Vice-President of the Athletic Association

Member of the Stage Crew



Imagination wanders far afield.

Fresh and full of faith.



LUCY WARREN BLOUNT

960 Park Avenue

Entered 1945

President of the Athletic Association

Member of the Glee Club

Member of the Stage Crew

Dear Bob's,  
 gee, I wish I could  
 be here next year and she  
 you as White Team Captain. I  
 really know you will be a terrific  
 captain and from past experience I  
 know you will have fun and have to  
 work real hard. You are really lucky  
 to be captain under ally and  
 please stay with her  
 friends and I know you  
 all will have  
 fun  
 love  
 Lucy





KATHERINE LASCELLES DICKASON

10 Sinclair Terrace  
Short Hills, New Jersey

Entered 1946

Chairman of the French Committee  
Vice-President of the Glee Club

*A good laugh is sunshine in a house.*

*Dear Barbara - have  
I've loved to have  
been full face looking  
at me while I'm bungling  
in the lower depths  
of my physics experiments  
Good luck next year!  
Francine*

FRANCINE LUDMILLA DU PLESSIX

173 East 70th Street

Entered 1941

Editor-in-Chief of *Il Spenceroso*  
Member of the Drama Club  
Member of the Debating Society

*My thoughts and wishes bend again  
toward France.*





JEANNETTE MABLE GRAEF

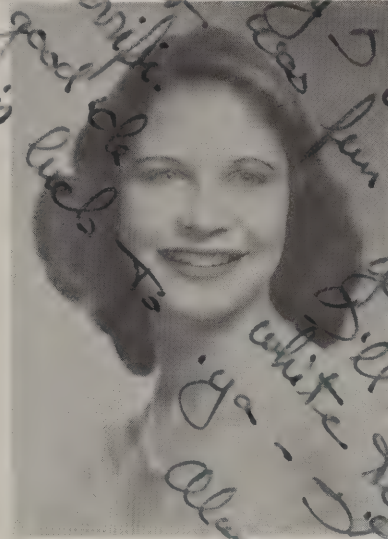
4 East 70th Street

Entered 1942

President of Student Government

Member of the Drama Club

Member of the Studio Club



Dear Barbara,  
 Thanks for acceptin'  
 I wasn't better I'm thrilled  
 year and you'll be  
 I'll come to meet  
 white team. I really miss ya.  
 ya - Always  
 I'm sorry I  
 couldn't see  
 simply terrific.  
 for the good old  
 the land is lush to  
 me. as a  
 I'm sorry I  
 couldn't see  
 simply terrific.  
 for the good old  
 the land is lush to

Great in the council, glorious in the field.

*I only ask for information.*



Dear Barbara,  
 I'm so glad  
 you're going to be in  
 the A.A. next  
 year. You've  
 really deserved it  
 for a long  
 time. Keep up  
 your wonderful  
 spirit. Best of  
 luck, Barbara. You  
 really deserve the best.  
 Love,  
 Mary.

MARY ELIZABETH HICKS

136 Ancon Avenue  
 Pelham, New York

Entered 1945

Vice-President of the Senior Class

Captain of the Gold Team

Treasurer of the Senior Class

Member of the Glee Club

Member of the Stage Crew



What a time  
had trying  
Here's to  
girl whom  
will be

to get me!

a grand

I know  
a wonder  
ful white  
Team Captain  
next year.

Best of  
luck & love.

ACK

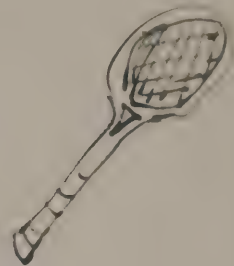


ALICE CAMPBELL KING

11 Cedarcliff Road  
Biltmore Forest  
Biltmore, North Carolina

Entered 1946

President of the Studio Club  
Library Representative  
Art Editor of *Il Spenceroso*  
Art Editor of the Yearbook



*As good as gold.*

Dear Shuttle  
no no BARBARA,  
Here's to wonderful memories  
of violent fights in gym (you little  
old white you) and even more violent  
the tennis court  
killed me, you  
But gundingly  
did a  
stage crew  
I  
Keep on  
the whites  
Keep on having fun  
bestest always  
Think -

KATRINKA KIP

520 East 86th Street

Entered 1944

President of the Drama Club  
Member of the Glee Club  
Member of the Press Club



*I bear a charmed life.*



SUZANNE PARSHALL LAROE

5 Brooklands  
Bronxville, New York

Entered 1947

Co-Editor of the Yearbook  
Member of the Glee Club  
Member of the Press Club  
Member of the French Committee



*Variety, that is my motto.*

*Cool, and quite English,  
imperturbable*



*Dear Barbara,  
It has been lots of fun  
knowing you. We had lots of  
fun in those  
bare basket ball  
games didn't we?*

LEONE HONORINE OLLIFF-LEE

159 Highland Avenue  
Montclair, New Jersey

Entered 1939

President of the Senior Class

Member of the Studio Club

Member of the Debating Society

Captain of the Stage Crew

*Even when you  
did guard  
me too well.  
I'm sure you will do a  
swell job as the heart of  
the good old <sup>varsity</sup> team.  
"Love & Luck"  
Leone*

*P.S. I still think you should  
have been a <sup>varsity</sup> girl*





BARBARA GILE LORD

60 East 96th Street

Entered 1937

President of the Library Committee

Member of the Glee Club

Social Service Representative

Member of the Stage Crew

*And such society as is quiet, wise  
and good.*

*Dear Barbara,  
It certainly sounds  
Sunny doesn't it! As if I  
was writing to myself. I know  
you will make a wonderful  
team captain. Stage Crew  
was so much fun.  
Love, Barb*

*Thy folded secrecy doth like a  
charm compel to thought.*

*Dear Barbara,  
I know you'll  
make a wonderful  
team captain!! Have  
fun next year and don't  
leave yourself out throwing  
lots of love  
I know you  
won't need it!!  
Love, Pat*

PATRICIA ANN ROCKEFELLER

4 Prescott Avenue

Bronxville, New York

Entered 1937

President of the Social Service Committee

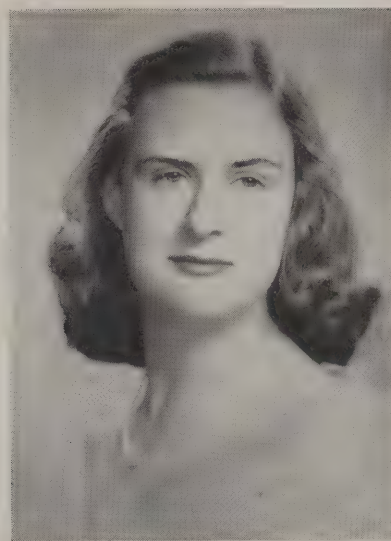


ELLEN PECKHAM SEAGLE

22 East 80th Street

Entered 1942

Business Manager of the Yearbook  
Secretary-Treasurer of the Science Club  
Member of the Glee Club



*The innocent are gay.*

*Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet  
than toil.*



*Dear Barbara,*

*Congratulations! You're  
really wonderful  
in gym even  
if you are  
strict about  
checking  
showers. Have  
fun next year.  
Love & luck,  
Anne*

ANNE SULLIVAN

137 East 66th Street

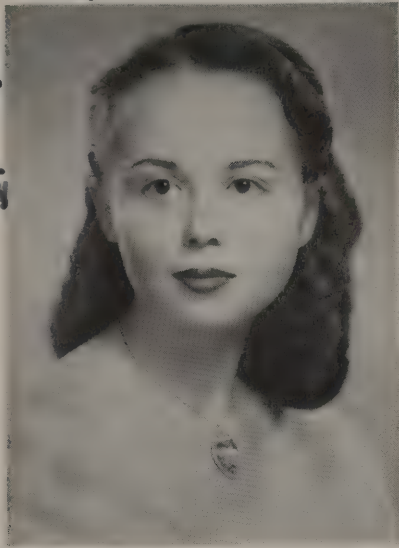
Entered 1940 and 1946

Editor-in-Chief of the Yearbook  
Secretary of the Student Council  
Member of the Press Club



Dear Barbara,

I heretofore have my testament and will, declaring it to be final and irrevocable, that you lead the white team on to victory. But, there is no need to be too emphatic because I know you as a winner. There is a there is plenty lots of love in future



will. Have a perfectly super time. You will find it rather a dubious way, because with all the fancy of you, hard work. and luck to you years.

PATRICIA A. O. WEENOLSEN

108 East 86th Street

Entered 1942

Assistant Editor of *Il Spenceroso*

Vice-President of the Drama Club

Member of the Studio Club

Patricia

Verse sweetens toil.

Dear Barbara, I can't tell you how glad I am that you are the team captain of the whites. Even though I have to hope that you don't win, I still find myself wishing you all the luck in the world. Have fun, Barbara. I do you know I always admired your prowess in gym, and also your appreciation and interest in other things. Good luck, love, and I hope to be seeing you, Joan

JOAN CRANDALL WICKMAN

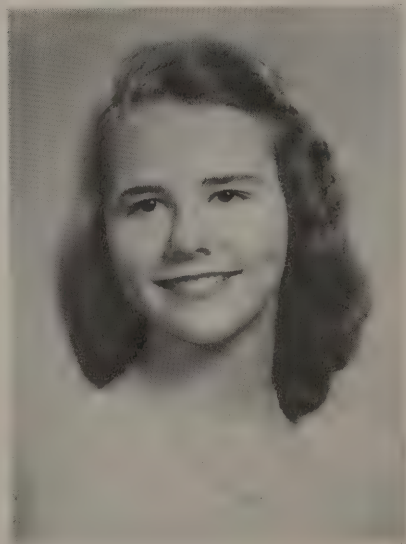
9 East 96th Street

Entered 1936

Business Manager of *Il Spenceroso*

Member of the Drama Club

Member of the Studio Club



A mind not to be changed by place or time.

## PUBLIC OPINION

CHARACTERISTICS	HOW THE FAC- ULTY SEE US	HOW THE SCHOOL SEE US	HOW WE SEE OURSELVES
Best All-Round	Lee	Blair	Blair
Typical Spence Girl	Hicks Kip	Lord	Dickason Lee
Done Most for Spence	Graef	Graef	Graef Lee
Most Likely to Succeed	Weenolsen	Sullivan	Graef Sullivan
Most Athletic	Hicks	Blount	Blount
Most Popular	Graef	Blair	Blair
Most Beautiful	du Plessix	Hicks Kip	du Plessix
Most Sophisticated	du Plessix	Bertin du Plessix	Bertin
Class Radical	Wickman	Seagle	Wickman
Best Disposition	Blair Seagle	Agathon	Agathon
Wittiest	Blair	Agathon Blair	Blair
Happiest	Lord	LaRoe	LaRoe
Best Actress	Kip	Kip	Kip
Most Sincere	Weenolsen	Lee Rockefeller	Rockefeller
Friendliest	Blair	Blount Lee	Weenolsen
Most Original	Wickman	Dickason King	du Plessix
Most Versatile	Kip	Kip	Kip
Teacher's Blessing	King	Seagle	Seagle



# DIAGNOSIS

PATIENT	CLASSIFIED AS	SYMPTOMS	ALLERGY
Agathon	L'il Audrey	Puns	The lack of a crack
Bertin	Nads	Talking (period)	Boys!
Blair	La Blair	Perpetual Motion	Dullards
Blount	Luce	A sprained knee	Assembly Announcements
Dickason	Kathy	A big stack of books	Chaos
du Plessix	Nikki	Long words	Adolescent boys
Graef	Gigi	Neatness	People who don't read the rules
Hicks	Mary	Interrogatoryness	Apple polishers
King	ACK	Eating Sullivan's desserts	An apologetic attitude
Kip	Trink	Dilatoriness	Men
LaRoe	Suzi	That Pepsodent smile	Alarm clocks
Olliff-Lee	Leo	That perfect diction	Marmalade
Lord	Barby	A frantic hurry	Exams in general
Rockefeller	Rocky	Batting Eyelashes	Those little snowflakes
Seagle	Ellen	The perpetual giggle	Novocaine
Sullivan	Annie	Sleeping in class	Chimes
Weenolsen	Pat	Broad "A's"	Mental Stagnation
Wickman	Joan	Faraway look	Facts

# DIAGNOSIS

SEDATIVE	ENVIRONMENT	FIXATION
Civilization	A darkroom	Gotta go home and take care of the baby
You Go to My Head	Home (on Monday morning)	But . . .
Embraceable You	That beautiful blue Buick	Never says the same thing twice
I Wish I Didn't Love You So	Gym Department	Sh-u-u-ure
Just One of Those Things	With the Rosin bag	What a howl!
I Can't Give You Anything But Love	Museum of Modern Art	I'm sorry, but I couldn't finish my . . .
Body and Soul	The realms of parlia- mentary procedure	Oh, terrific!
Someone to Watch over Me	In her Thesaurus	Get that!
Begin the Beguine	12 East 88 Street	That little ol' jigger
Love for Sale (Bargain Prices)	Mrs. Berry's doghouse	How divine!
I Can't Get Started	The station with Rockefeller	I met the cu-utest boy
All the Things You Are	In the saddle	Jeepers
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows	Iceland	Oh, honestly!
Stardust	3:40 Commuter	The box will be . . .
So Far	Central Park	You know what time I got to bed last night!
Need Somebody to Love	7th floor sitting-room couch	I'm absolutely starving!
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	The Poets' Corner	My father made me go to bed last night
Thanks for the Memories	In a perennial mood of despair	Oh, I don't agree . . .



# SENIOR PROPHECY

Audrey Agathon .....	New owner of Delar Studio
Nadine Bertin .....	A permanent stripe at El Morocco
Betty Blair .....	Understudy for Ethel Merman
Lucy Blount .....	Doing big business blowing up basketballs for Spence
Katherine Dickason .....	Usher at the Ballet Russe
Francine du Piessix .....	Author of a book expounding Marx's theories
Jeannette Graef .....	Clare Booth Luce of 1960
Mary Hicks .....	Newest of Billy Rose's long-stemmed "Roses"
Alice Campbell King .....	Southern Salvador Dali
Katrinka Kip .....	Housemother at a boys' school
Suzanne LaRoe .....	On every boxtop of Halo Shampoo
Leone Lee .....	Pony girl at the Ascot
Barbara Lord .....	Head ice sweeper at Rockefeller Center
Patricia Rockefeller .....	Spearheading the collection of soap for the Pennsylvania coal miners
Ellen Seagle .....	The Mad Scientist
Anne Sullivan .....	Finally awakened from twenty years' sleep
Patricia Weenolsen .....	Author of an ode to mental stagnation
Joan Wickman .....	President of the Sir Walter Scott fan club

Boo!  
Francine -

That's me  
J. Shep

Patricia W.



- Mary.

- Trinty -

Pat. P.

- Leone

J.W. 13. Lord

Guess Who?



# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1948

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight, being of unsound minds and weary bodies, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

We bequeath to:

Jane Allan .....	Sullivan's slumber secret
Bertrande Benoist .....	Nadine's knowledge of French
Joan Comfort .....	Nadine's permission to attend proms
Carolyn Damp .....	Kathy's enthusiasm
Ellen Davies .....	Betty's vim and vigor
Mary Dillon .....	Sue LaRoe's biological experiments
Mary Drake .....	Jeannette's fiery temper
Alice Ehrenclou .....	Wickman's dissenting opinions
Courtenay Gentry .....	Seagle's straightforward style
Claude Goffart .....	Lucy's concise paragraphs
Nancy Keogh .....	Pat W.'s purple patches
Meadie McAlphin .....	Hicks' height
Nina Martianooff .....	Pat W.'s ethereal complexion
Trudy Martin .....	Pat R.'s Bronx(ville) accent
Janice Merriman .....	Ellen's giggle
Hélène Rapaport .....	Lucy's joie de vivre
Barbara Shuttleworth .....	ACK's artistic ability
Sally Steele .....	Trink's theatrical voice
Charlotte Van Bomel .....	Audrey's unsophisticated charm
Vera van der Reis .....	Leone's wealth of health
Patsy Williams .....	Lee's saddle
Mimi Winston .....	Nikki's fabulous excuses
Dorothy Witt .....	Barbara's tranquillity
Mrs. Berry .....	a neat study hall





# CLASS HISTORY

## SEVENTH GRADE—

We discovered how hard ice can be in our weekly trip to Iceland. And we learned that life was not all play when we first encountered examinations. In our initiation to singing class, we found it to be a mixture of frolicking fun and terrifying solos.

## EIGHTH GRADE—

Our trouble with Algebra that continued to the end of our Junior year began. Our English teachers were especially inspiring, and as a result we composed some truly fantastic and fanciful stories. We delved deeply into the intricacies of science, discovering how a car ran. We learned, however, that it would be several years before we could actually make it run.

## NINTH GRADE—

Between long discussions as to whether the Nile flows up or down we were extremely pained (?) when classes were interrupted for air-raid drills. As a result of reading the *Odyssey*, swarms of us (two) started, on our own, to learn the Greek alphabet.

## TENTH GRADE—

In Biology class, between our experiences with the fumes of frogs and formaldehyde, we found time to give a Pet Show. That year many class parties were given, and a raging (or at least smoking) fire and the accompanying firemen brightened the first of these innumerable hen-parties.

## ELEVENTH GRADE—

This year we convinced our teacher that the algebraical portion of our brains was completely missing. To make up for this lack, we dieted daily with double desserts at lunch, and extraordinarily large portions of vocabulary throughout the rest of the day. Then, one muggy morning in June, we discovered to our surprise (and everyone else's), that we were now Seniors.

## TWELFTH GRADE—

In our Old-girl-New-girl party Baby Snooks was found wandering in Allen's Alley, and the result was hilarious. As Seniors, we were amazed to find that once in a great while the rest of the school permitted us to enter and leave the elevators first. We watched the opening of the coffee shop around the corner with great interest, and it was added to the list of our haunts where we find some much-needed relaxation. If we have seemed especially angelic this year, it is because we are saving our energy for the years following graduation.

A. A., J. W.

PAGE 25  
OF  
THE 1948 YEARBOOK  
IS DEDICATED  
TO  
NELS



## RIDDLE

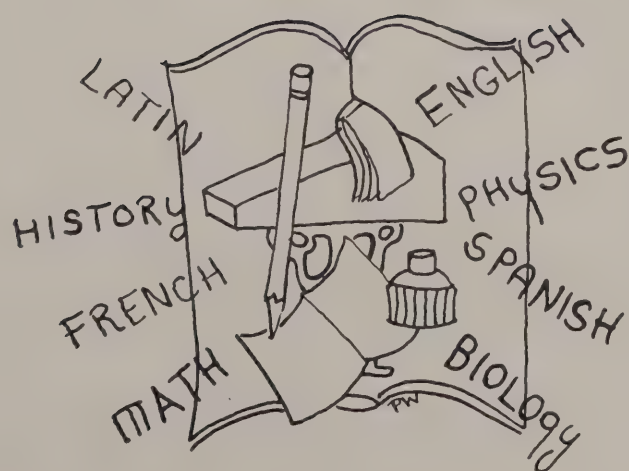
Who bids "good morning" every day,  
Whether skies be blue or grey?  
Who greets us with a friendly word?  
Who tells us that it's quite absurd  
To cross the street against the light?  
Who helps the girls from cars alight?  
Who runs the sound for A. V. E.  
And shows us world geography?  
Who first addressed us all as "Miss,"  
And filled our childish hearts with bliss?  
Who makes our parties a success  
By helping clear the after mess?  
Who bears our bags with n'er a sigh?  
Who at the door bids us "goodbye"?  
It's NELS to whom we give our cheers,  
For all his five and twenty years

at  
The Spence School





# C L A S S E S





Dear Shuttle -

It should be a game year with  
 dem boys and our British boys  
 for the title. - It's OK. kids. I don't think it's worse - Right - Nancy



Dear "Shuttle" It's been  
 fun in English where  
 we outline the teacher  
 & it's been fun  
 in history where we'll  
 be doing  
 been doing about history!  
 I'd love to have

JUNIOR CLASS

BOTTOM ROW: Bertrande Benoist, Carolyn Damp, Esther McAlpin, Mary Dillon,  
 Alice Ehrenclou, Nina Martianoff, Ellen Davies.

MIDDLE ROW: Janice Merriman, Patricia Williams, Sally Steele, Mary Drake, Courtenay  
 Gentry, Vera van der Reis.

TOP ROW: Gertrude Martin, Nancy Keogh, Jane Allan, Mary Winston, Joan Comfort,  
 Hélène Rapaport, Barbara Shuttleworth, Claude Goffart.

ABSENT: Charlotte Van Bomel.

Daily with

Dear Barbara,

you're a swell gal,  
 and you've certainly  
 been swell to me this  
 year! you'll make a  
 wonderful team captain!

# CLASS OF 1949

## FIRST TERM

President ..... Sally Steele

Vice-President ..... Mary Drake

## SECOND TERM

President ..... Sally Steele

Vice-President ..... Gertrude Martin

You'll never see . . .

- Jane Allan arriving at school early—
- Carolyn Damp in a grey blazer—
- Mary Drake missing her brother's squash matches—
- Claude Goffart reading a comic book—
- Nancy Keogh being serious—
- Janice Merriman in bobby-sox—
- Patsy Williams rooting for Harvard—
- Mimi Winston without Meadie McAlpin—
- Meadie McAlpin without Mimi Winston—
- Joan Comfort at Princeton—
- Sally Steele drawing people—
- Charlotte Van Bomel in a short skirt—
- Vera van der Reis agreeing—
- Hélène Rapaport leaving school Friday without her lipstick—
- Bertie Benoist saying French is easy—
- Nina Martianooff doing Latin vocabulary the night before—
- Courtenay Gentry going anti-Shakespeare—
- Alice Ehrenclou cheering for the Yankees—
- Barbara Shuttleworth living in Manhattan—
- Trudy Martin voting Democratic—
- Ellen Davies refusing "seconds"—
- Mary Dillon in the back row in Math—
- Dotty Witt in Northern California.

Dear Barbara;  
Congrats on being  
elected captain of  
the white team.  
Have fun this  
summer and try  
not to breach too  
many boats  
Love,  
Joan

- To a great athlete.  
It seems much easier  
(to you) to repeat the  
word atleast 3 times  
after spelling it.  
Oh! well, anything for  
a laugh in English  
love Hélène

Dear Shille:  
so not in French, but at  
least we have the pleasure  
of being the summer  
class in school. I'll see  
you next year when  
we are at last  
mighty seniors.  
Carol

Love Pat.





*These girls are  
the best students  
in the school. They are  
very intelligent and  
hard working. They are  
the best of the class.*

## CLASS TEN

BOTTOM ROW: Perry Morgan, Isabelle Davis, Joan Kirkland, Mary-Jean Taylor.

MIDDLE ROW: Maude Haulenbeck, Judith Paige, Jane Walker, Elinor Myers, Margaret Shand.

TOP ROW: Sherry Cogan, Frances Stanton, Kathleen Coxshead, Anne Millett.

ABSENT: Lily Emmet, Sandra Stralem.

# CLASS OF 1950

## FIRST TERM

President ..... Perry Morgan

Vice-President ..... Sherry Cogan

## SECOND TERM

President ..... Perry Morgan

Vice-President ..... Anne Millett

## "HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRITS"

Anne, Lily and Ellie our rivals for "A"s,  
Judy's soprano "he-he,"  
Isabelle's "views" (our panic for days),  
And Peggy's sweet "Bubbles" with nary a flea.  
Joanie's page-boy always in place,  
"M. J's" biology plus,  
Kathleen our wonderful basketball ace,  
And Maude's month's "chit-chat" no fuss.  
Snoozie's love of snowballs in math,  
Perry's sweet voice surpassed by none,  
Francie's drawing such genius hath,  
And Sandra's birthdays such good fun.  
For these things may not all remain,  
At least not last for long, for long;  
So out of them more fun to gain,  
We've put them in our Sophomore Song.

S. C.

Dear Mr. Shuttleworth  
I almost called you  
"Bubba!" in 4.  
I shall miss  
you a lot this summer, I shall miss  
all Quebec. I hope I see you  
sometime. Good luck for next year!  
Love Lily Emmett





## CLASS NINE

BOTTOM ROW: Peggy Polikoff, Wendy Gilpatric, Betty Finley, Sylvia Agathon.

SECOND ROW: Marianne Crocker, Elise Heck, Evan Burger, Lelia Wardwell.

THIRD ROW: Ewyne House, Susanne Barbour, Lee Kinard, Sylvia Farmer.

FOURTH ROW: Patricia Schulte, Phyllis LaFarge, Virginia Faesy, Ann Hastings.

TOP ROW: Gioia Vlahos, Dale Dorman.

ABSENT: Donna Webster.

# CLASS OF 1951

## FIRST TERM

President ..... Sylvia Agathon  
Vice-President ..... Evan Burger

## SECOND TERM

President ..... Sylvia Agathon  
Vice-President ..... Virginia Faesy

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

*The scene:* The Ninth Grade Study Hall.

*The time:* Any school Monday just before the bell.

Freshman are scattered liberally around. Sibby, our president, has just finished reminding us that sitting on desks and hair-combing in studies are not allowed.

*Pat S.:* Peggy, may I borrow your comb?

The bell is about to ring as Evan B., Dale D., Virginia F., Wendy G., Gioia V., and a few other stragglers come panting in.

*Evan B.:* Wasn't the Latin hor-r-d?

*Wendy G.:* Phyllis, did you get that last problem in Math?

*Phyllis La F.:* Yes. It wasn't very easy. (She proceeds to give a long and involved explanation which Wendy does not understand.) So, you see,  $x$  equals  $y$  after all.

*Wendy G.:* (Doubtfully) Y-yes.

*Gioia V.:* I went horseback riding Saturday.

*Betty F.:* Are you coming up to the Armory this afternoon?

*Gioia V.:* Horses! O-h-h-h. (She swoons)

*Sylvia F.:* Ann, let's go down to the gym and shoot for baskets.

*Ann H.:* Sure.

*Marianne C.:* Perry, Perry. I finally got a letter from him.

*Lee K.:* Robert Q. Lewis. O-h-h-h.

*Lee W.:* Pul-lease bring your money.

This is accompanied by dramatic gestures. (Lee is our Social Service representative.)

*Donna W.:* Is anybody going to do anything this afternoon?

*Elise H.:* I got a code in de head.

*Peggy P.:* Has anyone seen my Math book?

*Virginia F.:* Has anyone seen my mouse?

*Dale D.:* It was last seen running around the French room, I believe.

*Sue B.:* I got another letter from . . .

*Evyne H.:* Does anyone want to be psycho-analyzed?

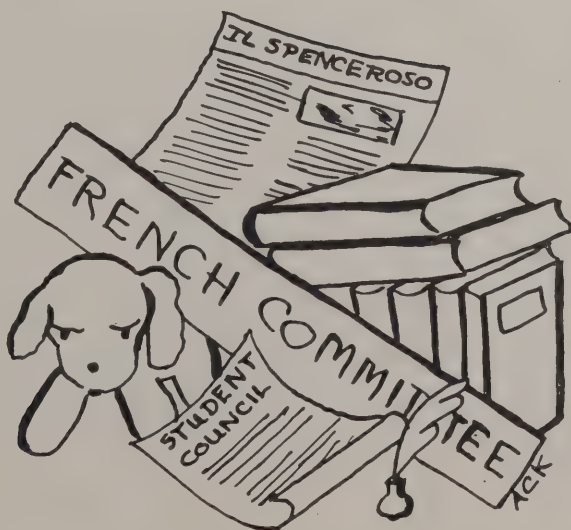
With our ever-shepherding president's "Get in line. Get in line," we end our pre-curricular remarks and settle down to the school day.

Dale Dorman





# ORGANIZATIONS







## STUDENT COUNCIL

<i>President</i> .....	Jeannette Graef
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Audrey Agathon
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Anne Sullivan

Will the meeting please come to order!

Back in October a Student Council member raised her hand, received recognition from the chair, and stated:

"I move that Classes Nine through Twelve elect treasurers for their respective classes; that the treasurers report to the class presidents, and that the class president in turn make a financial report to the Council."

"Is that seconded?"

"I second it."

"It has been moved and seconded that we——etc."

"Is there any discussion?"

Discussion ensues.

"Question."

"The motion before the Council is——etc."

"All those in favor please say aye."

"Aye."

"Any nays?"

Silence.

"The motion is carried."

After this proposal had been voted upon by the four upper classes, we acquired class treasurers.

Yes, we are practicing Parliamentary Procedure, both in council and class meetings. It has proved to be a great help in conducting meetings, for we can deal with all matters more quickly and efficiently.

Many important items have been on the Council's 1947-1948 agenda. A revision of the Constitution was adopted. The school rules which must be observed by all were separated from those rules which are enforced by the Council; this clarification was desirable both for the Council and for the student body. A uniform penalty system was put into operation. In order to bring about a constructive "meeting of minds" for the discussion of student government problems, Spence was hostess at a luncheon for student representatives from six New York schools.

Our aim is to carry on as democratic a government as possible; to do this we must keep the rest of the school in close contact with us and make them feel that they have a part in running this organization. The weekly Student Council minutes are read every Thursday morning in Assembly; a suggestion box stands on a table in the third-floor hall; open Student Council assemblies are held two or three times a year so the entire Upper School can see how this organization functions; and once or twice during the year the Lower School, Seventh and Eighth Grade Officers are invited to attend our meetings.

By these means we hope to keep in the minds of all that this is a government of the students, by the students, for the students.

## SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

*Chairman* ..... Patricia Rockefeller

### CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

XII ..... Barbara Lord  
 XI ..... Janice Merriman  
 X ..... Isabelle Davis  
 IX ..... Lelia Wardwell  
 VIII ..... Lynn Gerli  
 VII ..... Carol Koegler



### SOCIAL SERVICE CALENDAR

September .....	Books for the Kentucky Mountain Schools
October .....	United Hospital Drive
November .....	Thanksgiving Baskets
	Seamen's Church Institute
December .....	Christmas Dolls
	Toys for Police Athletic League
January .....	March of Dimes
February .....	Red Cross
March .....	Our school in Epinal
April .....	Glee Club Concert
May .....	Junior Alumnae Drive







## LE COMITE FRANÇAIS

Vous pouvez facilement trouver Epinal sur une carte de France: puis, chercher les Vosges où Epinal est située. C'est là que se trouve l'école adoptée par Spence.

Dans cette école il y a des jeunes filles comme nous; des jeunes filles qui aiment les mêmes distractions, les mêmes vêtements; mais ces jeunes filles n'ont pas grand'chose maintenant, pas même une bonne nourriture. C'est pourquoi nous avons adopté cette école: pour aider les jeunes filles qui sont devenues réellement nos amies. Rien ne les ravit plus qu'un grand envoi de riz, de sucre, de farine, de thé, et d'autres choses de ce genre. Avec ces choses, la directrice, Madame Brault, leur fait faire de bons repas et elle leur fait servir le thé à quatre heures. Quelquefois, pour les fêtes, Madame Brault leur fait faire des petits gâteaux, et elle partage le chocolat entre celles qui en ont le plus besoin. Ces jeunes filles ont toujours besoin de vêtements, et elles manquent aussi de savon. La laine que nous envoyons va leur faire des tricotés et des chaussettes, donc nous espérons qu'elles seront très contentes.

Le bazar qu'on va avoir en mars est au bénéfice d'Epinal. Tout le monde vient pour bien s'amuser et pour faire de belles emplettes. Il y aura toutes sortes de bonnes choses à manger qui seront presque toutes faites chez nous, et il y aura aussi une pièce comique.

Quand on vous le demande, donnez, en pensant au bonheur de vos amies en France. Et n'oubliez pas de leur écrire car ce sont les lettres qui leur font le plus plaisir.



## FRENCH COMMITTEE

*Chairman* ..... Katherine Dickason

### MEMBERS

Nadine Bertin  
Esther McAlpin  
Mary Winston



## LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Chairman ..... Barbara Lord

### CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

XII .....	Alice Campbell King
XI .....	Courtenay Gentry
X .....	Anne Millett
IX .....	Phyllis La Farge

"Realms of gold" we have in the Library. It has been the aim of the Library Committee to guide to these realms and to exhibit the "many goodly kingdoms." Of the goodly state of women authors Miss Scoggin told us in a talk arranged by the Library Committee. Have you read *Young Miss Burney*? Ask some of the eighteenth-century-studying Elevens how charming it is!

Your Committee has tried to bring to you by means of *Life's* picture exhibits the Middle Ages, Fifteenth Century Venice, the Renaissance, and the Age of Enlightenment. Of great value to the Committee was a little research, by trial and error, on the center of gravity of *Life's* posters so that they could be displayed without injury to passing spectators.

From the Public Library the Committee secured a loan exhibit on India—this before the death of Mahatma Gandhi. Therefore, through book and picture we knew something of the conflicts in that unhappy land which led to the assassination.

The French Committee joined with the Library Committee in arranging an exhibit of pictures and souvenirs from our adopted school in Epinal, France.

For the "Audio" side of our Audio-visual education, we are going to have a Record Library. Acquisitions to this are recordings by Maurice Evans of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

To Miss Cutter, who has been a most helpful and cooperating guide in all the Committee's activities, we express our thanks and that of the School.



Alice B. Rhoads





## YEARBOOK BOARD

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	Anne Sullivan
<i>Co-Editor</i> .....	Suzanne La Roe
<i>Art Editor</i> .....	Alice Campbell King
<i>Photography Editor</i> .....	Audrey Agathon
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	Ellen Seagle

Y our contributions we have judged.  
 E very little vote we've counted,  
 A nd for ads the earth we've trudged.  
 R ough-print photos we've discounted.  
 B aby pictures we've collected.  
 O wing to a lack of bards,  
 O bscurer rhymes we all confected.  
 K eep this now with our regards.

To Audrey Agathon, the Photography Editor of the 1948 Yearbook, thanks from all Spence for the pictures she arranged for, the countless candid shots she herself took—in fact, on almost every page you'll see Audrey's work.

Last but not least, Mrs. Berry, we thank  
For saving these pages from being a blank.





## LEST WE FORGET

*October 1*—Alarms go off early this morning. . . . Back to school after a WONDERFUL summer. . . . Old friends and new faces. . . .

*October 23*—Terrified new girls become old girls. . . . Baby Snooks immortalized. . . .

*November 25*—First report cards. . . . No comment. . . .

*November 26*—Thanksgiving program in Assembly. . . . Third Grade and Drama Club. . . . We're out. . . .

*December 1*—Back again. . . . Counting the days until Christmas vacation. . . .

*December 19*—Eighth Grade outdoes itself in annual Christmas production. . . . The long-awaited day has arrived. . . . !!!

*January 5*—Sleepy faces. . . . "So glad to be back"?? . . . Cramming for midyears begins. . . .

### EXAMS!!!

*February 12*—"Fourscore and seven years ago." . . . Fathers, uncles, brothers. . . . Current Affairs Test. . . .

*February 23*—Well-earned holiday. . . . Thanks, George. . . .

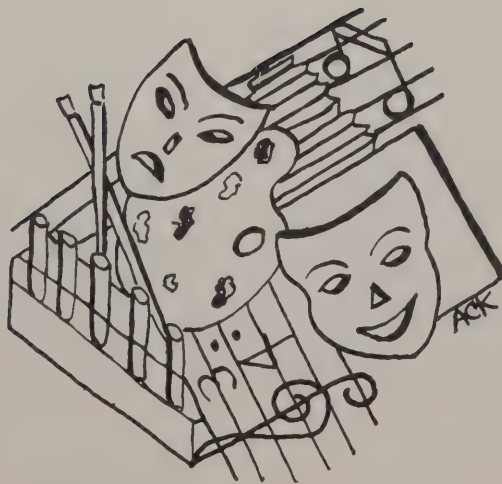
*March 19*—At last! . . . Bursting with spring fever, we thought we couldn't wait. . . .

*March 31*—The final stretch begins. . . .

### EXAMS!!!

*June 2*—Commencement. . . . The end and the beginning. . . . Au revoir. .

Hey Shuttle!  
 I'm sure my good  
 at signing these things  
 but I just want to say that  
 I think you're a wonderful gal  
 I don't believe the year's over &  
 it's been the best of my life. You've  
 really been a pal all tho'. I'll always remember  
 you coaching me, campaigning for me & our  
 pitious French classes + your accent that we  
 kid you about. Just in general I think you're  
 terrific. Good luck all next year.  
 Love,  
 Truly



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## DRAMA CLUB

Bashfully we admit that our audiences had a very good laugh this year. Modestly we attribute it all to the stupendous performances of our members. Shyly we are taking several curtain calls.

Our first play for Thanksgiving, called "A Note To Myself," combined a little moralizing with a lot of slapstick to the approval of the alumnae and ecstasy of the third graders. Next, our abilities were turned to the Lincoln's Birthday program, in which the life of Lincoln was stirringly traced in poem and play from boyhood to presidency. Although we could have used Raymond Massey here and there, the program was moving and highly appreciated.

After the usual "war," "She Stoops to Conquer" by Goldsmith became the spring play. Since the gay comedy had not been produced at this writing, with the aid of our imaginations we feel that "She Stoops" was the success to end all successes. Whatever it was, the cast, the stage crew, and, we hope, Miss Bradshaw, had a wonderful time with it, and with all our attempts of a year.



## DRAMA CLUB

*President* .....Katrinka Kip

*Vice-President* .....Patricia Weenolsen

## GLEE CLUB

You've often been told of what the Glee Club sings at concerts. You have probably attended some of the concerts yourself. But are you aware of the months of extra rehearsals and preparations for the big night? You are probably vaguely aware of some kind of preparation when you find that the Assembly Room on Mondays and the sixth-floor drawing-room on Thursdays are closed to all except "musicians" until five o'clock. You hear strains of pleasant music as early as November and probably wonder why we bother to call so many more extra rehearsals as time goes on. What goes on behind those closed doors—"hic labor est." First, we all have our music in front of us. It's easy enough to go on endlessly, just reading music and words. But try to do three *measures* correctly without those precious pieces of paper. Rule number one is—*no music at the concert!*—However, while we still have time to cling to our librettos, we sing the notes and the words right (well, almost right). During this time Mr. Ross patiently points out to us the value of intonation and feeling in a song; for days he goes through musical

calisthenics to get us to produce the right "mood." Yet the minute we sing by heart, everything is forgotten as we concentrate on remembering words and music. Mr. Ross will sit quietly, glance coldly about him, and say something to this effect: "I have been associated with music for years. Will you please explain to me *what* you were singing?" Thereupon we begin again, and sing again, and fifty times more after that.

The concert of the year, the end and aim of all the rehearsals, was with the Williams Glee Club on March thirteenth, at the Junior League. We hope the audience felt that the rehearsals—and the extras—resulted in a musically satisfactory and delightful performance. Many of the audience did say these complimentary words. In turn, the Glee Club wishes to thank both Miss Prohaska and Mr. Ross for their *patience*, their inspiration, and their devotion to the Club's musical training. Finally, as the Club's President, I want to thank all the members for the spirit with which they have sung all the year through.

President ..... Nadine Bertin  
Vice-President ..... Katherine Dickason



↓ Dean Shuttle, 45  
your Propaganda sure  
worked this year.  
Love  
Sylvia (crops)





Hildegard  
Woodward

## STUDIO CLUB

President ..... Alice Campbell King

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Sally Steele

In the Studio Club paint and paper have combined with amazing results. Not only in subject matter has there been much variety, but also in the use of different mediums. Leone Olliff-Lee has great ability in drawing dogs, and, to her surprise and joy, Miss Woodward brought in a darling cocker spaniel one afternoon. Speaking of model—every once in a while one of the members dresses in a costume of her choice and poses for the others. Besides the realists in the club, we have two outstanding imaginists, Patricia Weenolsen and Joan Wickman. Their paintings with brilliant colors and exciting themes add as much to the Senior Gallery Exhibition as Jeannette Graef's panels over the supply shelves do to the Art Room. J. G.'s gay fish and colorful abstract seaweed make that corner of the room a bright spot. Along the experimental line, Alice Campbell King has tried applying water-color paint with a rubber sponge on paper that has been soaked. The results look a little like textile designs. Besides the work in water color, interesting effects have been obtained with chalk, charcoal, and oil.

In addition to afternoons in the Studio, the club members visit art museums or current exhibitions. The Frick and the Whitney are favorite haunts, and the Museum of Modern Art.

Miss Woodward's help and ideas are always an inspiration to the members. We all want to wish her success in her own work and with next year's Studio Club.

Dear Shuttle;

I'm dreaming of a "2" bus, with you hopping off the steps, of the Science Club, and the basketball, and natch with you playing wcz bound to win!

Love  
Ann



Dear Shuttle —  
What a time  
we had with  
those rats! Good  
luck with next  
year's pet!

Love —  
Courtenay

P.S. White Town  
from! (in p.s.)

## SCIENCE CLUB

President ..... Mary Dillon  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ellen Seagle

### MEMBERS

Audrey Agathon, Nadine Bertin, Alice Ehrenclou, Courtenay Gentry, Ann Hastings,  
Barbara Shuttleworth.

### REMINISCENCES OF A RODENT

One of the greatest shocks I received upon my arrival at Spence was to find that I, a Hamster, and a royal rodent, had been dubbed "Snooper." My feelings on this subject are too strong to be expressed, so I will continue this brief résumé of my Spence Sojourn. When we arrived, my dear wife, Perpie and I, people we later found to be members of the Science Club placed us in a rather large and moderately comfortable cage. From here we noticed that several of the girls were carrying flasks of liquid into a place that they called the "Dark Room." Thinking that they were feeding another animal, my wife and I made a secret journey to this mysterious place. We were somehow separated; I had some fantastic adventures down gigantic stairs. When we were finally caught and returned to our cage, I discovered my wife was very ill from some liquid in a tray in the "Dark Room." The following evening she died. The Science Clubbers had not discovered our trip to the accursed room; and fearing that they might find out through her death, I felt compelled to devour her. The Science Clubbers since have accused me of cannibalism! Perish the wretched thought!

These humans called Science Clubbers are very weird and quite peculiar. Their Club meets for about twenty minutes every two weeks to discuss either my fate, or what new pet they wish to acquire. I noticed that once or twice there seemed to be some financial problems, and I trust these were solved.

Audrey Agathon







## DEBATING SOCIETY

President .....Joan Comfort  
 Vice-President .....Margaret Shand

### MEMBERS

Nadine Bertin, Francine du Plessix, Evyne House, Leone Lee, Nina Martianoﬀ, Patricia Schulte, Sandra Stralem.

### *Should High Schools be Co-Educational?*

This was the question for our debate. We had been looking forward to this event, planning for it, and know that the best side won.

Every Tuesday we meet on the fifth floor with Mrs. Ryan, our faculty advisor. Each girl has gathered during the week the material for her speech. Each member reads her speech; her team members criticize and improve it. The team captains and the president collect extra material and give it to the girls who need it. Each team meets in a separate room; the points are unknown to the other team until the day of the debate.

Mrs. Ryan has helped us a great deal by teaching us the rules of debating. We have asked Miss Cutter for reading on this subject; in future years we hope to have a shelf of books on debating.

The Club also decided to have notes on our speeches this year, which we felt would make the speeches more informal. We decided to have a chairman to present the question before the debate, to introduce each speaker, and tell which side she represented. Our hope is that our first debate will be so successful that we shall be able to hold a second debate. In any case we look forward next fall to a debate on the presidential election issues. The members of the Debating Club will be preparing for this during the summer, for we expect to have it early in October.

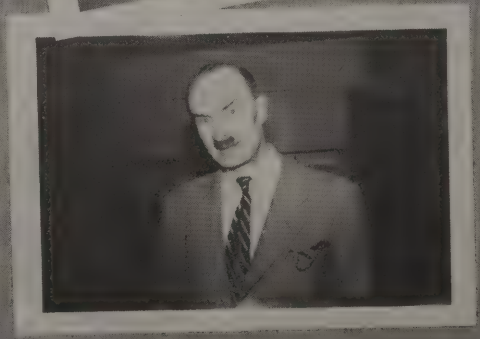
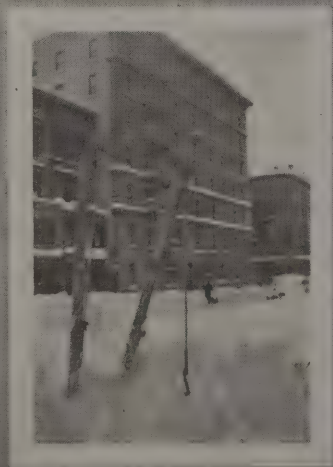
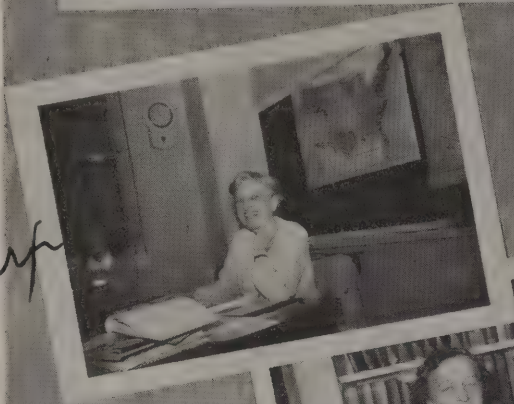
Our ambition is to develop our Club to the point where we are trained enough to challenge another school—eventually a boys' school!



*Harold C. ...*



*Mr. ...*



Dear Skulls  
 on your new office  
 as white! It's a happy  
 next year! I know our department  
 thought to be in such good hands  
 will year — but will ~~our~~ miss  
 you all. Send an S.O.S. out ruglewood  
 way if ever you need I'll "pop" in  
 S?? You open! Best of luck and have  
 a grand year!  
 Love, Mrs. V.

Dearest Barb —  
 It is wonderful feeling to know that  
 you will have a hand in leading the RA activities  
 next year. You and M.J. under Alice's guiding hand  
 should have a fine year. I'm going to miss working  
 with you girls. You have been a great help to  
 our department and we have certainly appreciated  
 everything you have done. Thank you so much.  
 Have a wonderful vacation, Barbara, and  
 all my best wishes go to you for much happiness  
 and success.  
 Love, "X."  
 Miss



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Dear Bobbie,  
 Wonder you'll be  
 Captain, it's a  
 terrific job and  
 we'll all be behind  
 your reading summer  
 next year is doing  
 to be so much fun.  
 Be good!  
 Lots of love,  
 Meadie.



## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

A "Super" athletic year 1947-1948 has been at Spence. Under the inspiring leadership of Mrs. Vigeland and Miss Hodgson everyone has shown a great interest. The White and Gold Teams, urged on at every moment by the team captains, Mary Hicks and Meadie McAlpin, have battled fiercely in every sport for the coveted cup, the biggest struggle of all, however, being the President of A. A.'s efforts to pronounce "athletics" correctly in assembly.

In the fall we started off with tennis and hockey for the outdoor type, and volley ball and both modern and square dancing for our more urban athletics. Even the tennis players who were pretty good at wielding a tennis racket had to answer Miss Hodgson's quiz on rules and etiquette of the game. If you didn't know your loves and foot faults, you were out of luck.

When the weather grew colder and we shivered more and more on the courts, we moved inside to take up basketball, ice skating, and our new sport, fencing. We do not see much of the fencers' performance, but we at least know they have learned to use the words "touché" and "en garde." The highlights of our basketball season are the games with Miss Hewitt's and Lenox, as well as the team games.

Dear Shuttle,  
 Congrats on your election as white team captain, we certainly by  
 had with the regret. Next year we will have a lot of fun in  
 the B.H. Can't you just see us making announcements. You & your  
 S.S. (we know what that stands for) I hope you win in Great South  
 Bay and we will too. Please don't be too unkind to ~~the~~ the gold team  
 next year. Our spring program is interesting and so varied that everyone finds a sport to her  
 liking. We offer soccer and/or volley ball, softball, swimming, tennis and dancing. So  
 beat them excellent step up and take your choice. *I know we will with your guidance.*

Baby in a high chair  
 Who put her up there  
 Ma, Pa, Sis boom ba  
 Spence, Spence, rah, rah.

President ..... Lucy Blount  
 Vice-President ..... Betty Blair  
 Captain of Gold Team ..... Mary Hicks  
 Captain of White Team ..... Esther McAlpin





Dear Dad  
 to a Senior  
 I got a letter  
 from you  
 about the  
 future  
 I'm  
 especially  
 interested  
 in  
 you  
 always  
 love  
 you  
 Ellen



## RESIDENT DEPARTMENT

President ..... Betty Blair

So you're coming to board at Spence next year? Like all prospective boarders, I know you have thousands of questions and so here goes.

Don't forget to bring one of your favorite animals—my bear loves someone to talk to when I'm downstairs. Speaking of downstairs, we spend almost the whole day there. We're up at 7:25, breakfast at 7:45, walk a little later in red taffeta petticoats for the "new look" instead of in red flannels as they did in the old days, and then back just in time to see if the mail is in before school starts. The next big break is lunch at 12:40. The boarders always bring troops of day-girls up to their rooms afterwards for a fleeting half-hour. Out come the needles and the Argyle socks, and the chatter and radios mount higher and higher.

When school is over at 3:00, there are walks and gym or, if you're a Senior and are free, you dash down to Schrafft's for the afternoon. The Seniors live a "life of Riley"—room study, no chaperones and loads of other privileges.

As for rooms, most of us are lucky in having roommates as there aren't many singles. Some of the girls decorate the walls with pennants and banners—St. Marks, Princeton and Yale are well represented, and all the dressers sport pictures galore—and not just those of mama and papa!

Almost everyone has a radio, and those who haven't get a steady stream of music ranging from "Just One Of Those Things" to Beethoven's 5th! The gaiety and homelike atmosphere everywhere make one forget the word "homesickness." And even if you do get a bit "blue," there's ping-pong to dispel your mood.

At dinner, the girls all dress, and everyone looks lovely in the soft candlelight dining-room. Thursday nights are especially gay as the Seniors invite two members of their class as guests. And, while the season lasts, the "lucky seven" who are going to the opera appear in evening dresses of all descriptions.

After dinner, there is coffee in the drawing-room for Juniors and Seniors. The group is always interrupted by girls dashing to telephone calls as this time is known as the "telephone hour."

After a brief respite, the bell rings for study hall which all but the Seniors have in the library on the third floor. No sooner is it over than everyone dashes up to the Milk Bar for crackers and whatever may be on hand. Again the radios blare forth, bright Argyles pervade the rooms, the day's letters are re-read, and last-minute peeks at homework taken before the 10:00 bell.

The days are packed whether you are a 5-day or 7-day boarder. On week-ends, there is lunch and a movie with some of the day-girls, and the symphony on Sundays.

Before you arrive in the Autumn, you will have from one of the "Old Girls" a welcoming letter which will tell in more detail of "Boarding Life" at Spence, for these two pages are only an introduction.





# YEARBOOK CONTEST

## CLASSES XII, XI, X

### FIRST PRIZE

<i>Essay</i> .....	Joan Wickman
<i>Narrative</i> .....	Lily Emmet
<i>Poem</i> .....	Joan Wickman

## CLASSES IX, VIII, VII

### FIRST PRIZE

<i>Essay</i> .....	Phyllis La Farge
<i>Narrative</i> .....	Gioia Vlahos
<i>Poem</i> .....	Frances Ewing

## THE VOICE OF PAN

(Prize Poem)

The warm and misty August evening air  
Was filled with memories of the careless spring,  
And promises of fruitful autumn-time.  
I heard the lazy slapping of the waves,  
And sleepy songs from little birds nearby,  
Yet somehow was my heart unsatisfied—  
This beauty seemed to me no part of God.  
Then suddenly I heard a mocking laugh,  
And from behind a tree a strange man stepped,  
Of wild appearance, bright and slanting eyes.  
And in a merry voice he said to me,  
"So Nature has no place in your God's heart?  
Why, then, not worship other gods, like me?"  
"Like you?" I cried. "There is but one true God!"  
And then he spoke with scornful ringing words  
That seemed alive and haunted me till now.  
"Before your God was born, the earth was ruled  
By spirits of the lakes, the trees, the sky.  
And spirits, though forgotten, never die.  
Is your stern God so jealous of the past?  
Is there not room for more than just one God?  
The grass, the leaves, small flowers of the spring,  
The waters of the lake, the clouds, the birds—  
*They* know the voice of Pan—now *you* shall hear."  
And then the great god Pan spoke of the past,  
Of gods and nymphs that ancient lands once loved.  
He told me of the strong eternal hills,  
Of hills that cradled pagan altars grim,  
That hid the fairy rings and Druid stones.

He spoke of trees—of dark and lofty pines,  
 Of long-haired willows weeping in the brook,  
 And silver birches, delicate and slim.  
 He told of cool spring rains that fill the streams,  
 Of mighty rivers rolling to the sea;  
 Of purple flowers trembling in the shade,  
 And painted butterflies that dance in light.  
 He spoke of birds whose songs at dawn's gray hour  
 Brought love and peace to men of ancient lands,  
 As now today they ease our troubled hearts.  
 He told of silent deer with quiet eyes,  
 Of chattering squirrels, and rabbits shy and white.  
 And then he spoke of pagan creatures strange—  
 Gay elves, wild fauns, and merry, bright-eyed  
                   nymphs  
 That dance and laugh and play deep in the woods,  
 Unseen by man, believers of no God,  
 For they themselves are gods of earth and air.

"Is there not room for more than just one God?"  
 The great Pan cried, "And shall not He—your God  
 Whose name is Love, love gods not strong or  
                   cruel?"

O listen as I tell you of the truth!—  
 If fearful man must worship, let it be  
 The Earth, which is his heaven, if he but knew.  
 Then God and I would smile, for we are both  
 Gods of the earth, of beauty, and of truth."

Pan disappeared into the darkening woods,  
 So I went on with singing heart and soul,  
 For walking through the misty evening air,  
 And listening to the slapping of the waves,  
 I knew the earth was my God's living heart—  
 It's strange a pagan spirit taught me this.

*Joan Wickman, XII*

## ORGAN GRINDERS

As elusive as the spring that brings it, and as wistful as the red-capped monkey's eyes, is the tune the organ grinder grinds. He appears suddenly, as if beckoned by the balm of first spring days, as if materialized from the thin air and a few wishes. "What is he in wintertime?" one wonders. Perhaps he dresses up as Santa Claus; or sells hot chestnuts; or perhaps in wintertime, he simply isn't. For the organ grinder is a creature of the spring.

There, at the corner, he has taken his first stand. He turns the handle wearily, as if his were a Herculean labor; but on his face is an elusive smile. The tune is ground out and fills the street with strident strains of music. The monkey, first sitting grave and cringing on the organ, is made audacious by the lilting melody, and hops down. What bliss, when one gets around to it, to forget the potential bond of the chain, and to skip about at liberty, red cap extended and eyes askance. Passers will come and go, but a little crowd gathers about the monkey. They laugh at him, for mankind seems to be amused at a parody of itself. His wizened face is that of an old man, and his sometimes wistful,

sometimes maudlin eyes are those of a temperamental child. Poor beggar now, stretching his hand for pennies, he who could swing blithely from limb to limb of his native woods, breakfasting at random as he passed.

Organ grinders have intuition—they know a face vulnerable to their performance, and give that passerby a special smile, a beckoning look that some fools cannot resist. How well I know, since I am one. But the lilting strains go on, the handle turns incessantly, and children too young to remember any other spring gaze at the organ grinder in wonder. The child offers to the monkey his stick of candy; the older one, the cunning future businessman, gives his bad penny. There are no curses for the mean, only blessings for the ones who give. Windows are opened, and eager faces look out, and the air is made even purer by this sight and this sound. Soon, the organ grinder moves on, wisely, knowing that spectators in time will weary of the most pleasing sight. But he will come back, to the same corner, another day, as surely as spring comes back.

*Francine du Plessix, XII*



## PALESTINE PASTORALE — 1948

(Prize Narrative)

The hot sun beat relentlessly down on the young boy as he stood watch on top of the mound, covered with rocks and thick, stubby desert growth. Before him lay the city, Jerusalem, with its gray walls and ancient stones. He could faintly hear the cries of merchants selling their wares, and far off in the distance, from the dome of a mosque, the voices of the faithful being called to prayer. He was about sixteen years old. His thick, dark hair was pushed back from his perspiring forehead, showing a clear, tanned face, and deep watchful eyes. Beside him was a packet wrapped in old cloth, which contained his uneaten lunch; and over his knees, in sharp contrast with his shabby, faded shorts, lay a dark, portable machine gun. It did not seem to strike him as unusual that someone as young as he should be keeping armed vigil at one of the entrances to a large city. He had been doing guard duty like this ever since he had joined the Haganah, a little over a year ago. Inspired with the intense national feeling that possessed all the inhabitants of this little land, he had welcomed the opportunity of being able to further the cause about which he felt so strongly. Ever since the U. N. decision for partition of Palestine, violence had flamed between Arab and Jew. Blow for blow, this unofficial warfare had affected the lives of all concerned. Now here he was, armed with a machine gun, with orders to shoot on sight anyone—man, woman, or child—who should come out the gate just ahead of him. So far, everything had been quiet, almost as if the Arabs sensed the presence of Haganah guards. Glancing up at the sun, he saw that it was almost time for him to be relieved. That, at least, was good. Another day had gone by; he had not had to kill anyone. Deep underneath his tough outer-self, which had been hardened; first in the years before the escape from the Nazis, then in the continued pressure of being an illegal immigrant, and now in this bloody half-war—deep under this hard crust, lay the part of himself that he wanted to hide. He loved nature and the outdoors, and

the beauty of life. He loved to sit and think of things other than guns, and shooting, and death; but coupled with this, was an overwhelming feeling of duty, and a reverent devotion to the soil which his ancestors had ruled in the days of ancient glory. He felt ashamed of his shrinking soul. No one knew of the struggle that was going on within him. He knew that it would almost kill him to have to shoot anyone, and yet—if anyone left the city—he had his orders.

By this time the sun had almost gone, and the cool blue-gray air of evening hung over the land. Sitting musing at his post, the boy was startled by the sound of voices below him. An old woman and a nice-looking youth about his own age were coming out of the wide gate. The woman was dressed in a long white robe, and she carried a bundle of sticks on her bent back. She walked in a slow, halting manner, supported by the boy. Here was the test. If he was to carry out the command, he would shoot on sight; but yet—he could not. The woman was so old and frail; and the boy looked as if he might be a friend in other times. He hoped that they would hurry up and get out of sight before the relief guard came. Just then his reverie was broken by a voice behind him.

"It has been a hot day. You get along. Get some sleep; you will be needed again tomorrow." On seeing the two Arabs, the new guard stopped short. "Before you go, you must carry out your orders. Shoot—and do not miss. We can't afford to waste bullets."

Turning around, the boy looked into the face of his comrade. It was a hard, set face, and in those eyes he saw a grim look of determination. He gritted his teeth, adjusted the gun.

The quiet of the night was broken by the sound of two shots. Then the boy turned and stumbled off into the darkness.

Lily Emmet, X

## THE VOICE WITHOUT A SMILE

I've always been afraid of telephones. Not that they mystify me, for my only pleasant contact with telephones came at a time when I had a crush on a lineman and used to pull out the wires in our phone so he would come and fix it. (That's probably where my idiosyncrasy of unscrewing the mouthpiece while I talk originated.) My hatred of Alexander Graham Bell's invention stems from my early childhood when my mother instructed me to cultivate a voice with a smile. My voice not only lacks a smile; it possesses a definite leer. I have never learned to talk naturally into a telephone, but instead shriek and bellow at the obstinate instrument, and if the conversation becomes too difficult or complicated, I yield to temptation and slam down the receiver.

The process involved in reaching someone via the telephone completely floors me. I approach the vile apparatus deliberately and spend as much time as possible looking up the number. I regularly make several mistakes in dialing and am forced to start again. Then I wait, terrified, secretly hoping that no one will answer. It's usually a wrong number, anyway.

Answering doesn't present problems, as a rule. I simply say "Hello." There was a time when I used to respond with a cheery "Dr. Sullivan's residence," but, as my midwestern monotone cannot be understood by anyone, this only resulted in confusion, and I was forced to abandon it. (Anyway, Emily Post frowns on it.) I envy characters in the movies who are allowed to growl "yeah?" or "For whom does the bell toll?" I even wish I was in England so I could say "Go ahead," "Are you there?" (or whatever it is they say in England.) "Hello" sounds so prosaic.

Any previous troubles I may have had with the telephone seem tame compared to what I endured this summer. I was working in a summer theatre, and my particular job was to call up all sorts of peculiar people to ask if the theatre might borrow various articles. As these articles were unusual, I frequently had trouble making myself understood. Once we received a small eagle (stuffed) when I had asked for a miniature easel. There was also the horrible time I had convincing the Danbury Railway Station that I only wanted to borrow a signal bell and not the entire engine. I still have nightmares when I imagine the astonishment displayed by the manager of a dry-cleaning establishment when, on the hottest day of the summer, he heard a small

voice entreating, "Hello! I wonder if you can tell me how to make steam!"

My antipathy to phones is intensified a thousand times by a pay phone. The idea that the monstrous machine is consuming my money with a never-ceasing appetite, combined with an inability to get along with the operator, makes a booth a virtual chamber of horrors. However, I can point with pride to the fact that once I caused an operator to lose her voice-with-a-smile. That was the day I called every furniture store in Connecticut for garden furniture, and used so many nickels that no more would go in.

"Deposit five cents, please," said the operator.

This was virtually impossible, and I screamed in terror, thinking the awful machine might blow up. "It won't go in!"

"Deposit five cents, please," said the operator, a trifle more firmly.

"I tell you it won't go in!" I shouted in a roar that could be heard throughout the entire building.

"Then use dimes!" The operator shouted back, losing her composure.

We finally reached an agreement whereby I was to receive two calls for a dime. But it never worked. They still owe me forty cents.

What really conditioned me against telephones for the rest of my unnatural life was the incident of the antique dealers. In the space of one hour, on a day when I was particularly distressed—since it had been discovered that half the props for the coming show were in the car of a fellow who had left the day before to be married—three antique dealers called up and threatened to take legal action against the theatre. It fell upon me to placate them. To the first I was polite and full of remorse; I listened vaguely to the second; and I informed the third that "That girl who went around borrowing things and not returning them" wasn't in and was not expected to return. As a result of this appalling experience I still have to be convinced that it isn't an antique dealer before I will come to the phone.

Maybe it was all good for me—who knows? But, from now on, I'll put my faith in the pony express.

*Anne Sullivan, XII*

## MAKE MINE VERSES

The place that I shall write about  
Is 'cross a magic sea—  
Where pure prose blooms on every bush  
And every verse is free—  
The houses all are pink and white,  
The sky is always blue;  
At sunrise every golden day,  
Trochaics sing to you.  
And all the little children  
You meet along the street,  
They speak to you in couplets  
And never miss a beat.  
If I could linger there awhile,  
A month or two at most,  
You'd think I was inhabited  
By William Shakespeare's ghost.

*Lucy Blount, XII*



## EACH AGE IS A DREAM

(Prize Essay)

There is an inexpressible joy in dreaming of the past. The evils of our tumultuous time sink from the mind when one ponders civilization alive only in the memory of history. For although we feel that our troubles are serious and world-shaking, the troubles of the past are simply the substance for study and romance. Therefore, when we escape into dreams of ancient times, there is a satisfaction and a certain fulfilment in finding qualities and ideals that we lack today ruling all men's hearts and lives. But is this escape ignoble, is it cowardly? Perhaps, but do not, do not question it! These dreams are too dear a delight. Come, I shall show you what this delight is, and together we shall peek into my dreams. But you must forget all the duty, all the useless energy, and all the vain hope of the present as we sink into the misty past.

Half-obscured by the magical gray mist, there is, on the right, a graceful Greek temple with slender marble columns. I can dimly hear and see a group of white-robed men standing on the porch of this temple, discussing the meaning and value of life with an ability and understanding unequalled by any succeeding generation. To the left, a shimmering fountain leaps to the air, then falls with tinkling laughter and a shower of changing gray and white colors. A swift, graceful figure suddenly darts from behind the fountain. After standing before me a second with hand upraised, the nymph turns and chases the blue-green brook that winds from the fountain deep into the woods. Oh, that the serene peace, the lofty contemplation, and the worship of nature that existed in those calm classical times existed in this world today! How much we are missing in this age of rush and noise! And how—but stop; before we once more become confused with the hard thoughts of reality, let us hastily escape into the glorious time of the Renaissance.

Here is Venice, with its great palaces, sliding streets of water, and riches gathered from both the West and the Orient. The city throbs with the bustle of trade and the color of magnificent pageants. All this vibrant life is surrounded by the clear beauty of the crystal air, the deep reflecting streams, and the glowing wealth of many lands. And there are still more visions of Italy's Renaissance. Before me stretch rich green fields and thick purple vineyards, while on the swelling hills grim castles frown upon the earth and reach towards heaven. And then there is also beauty-

loving Florence, turbulent and sinful, yet a city filled with more loveliness, more lasting art than even this day-dream can picture. Such vitality, such delight in life as I have seen in these dreams! Would we not know true happiness if in reality we could see as much color and warmth, and have as much love of beauty and love of life as in those visions?

In my next day dream there is peace and nobility and loveliness. In a long white ruffled dress I am sitting on the steps of a porch waiting for a party to begin. It is in the days of the South before the Civil War; warmth and pleasure seem to fill the earth. From the carefully tended garden comes the mingled fragrance of roses and magnolias. The wide lawn is splashed with sun and shadow-patterns of the trees. The breeze whispers drowsily in the warm stillness as I wait for the guests to arrive and the dance to begin. I know it will be light-hearted and lovely, and that there will be gay conversation about the chivalry and nobility of our dear South. Yes, the romance and indolence of those days are truly enviable. Why do we not place the emphasis in this age on loveliness and nobility instead of business and industry? Indeed, how very beautiful was the old South, and how we all secretly yearn for its peace and its romance!

These dreams that we have seen have been an escape, for in the past we have found the qualities that we need today—the serene contemplation of classical Greece, the vibrancy and beauty of the Renaissance, and the peace and chivalry of the old South. Can we possibly reach into these dreams and bring the greatness of the past into the present? Are my dreams of any use? No; for I must remember that "each age is a dream that is dying or one that is coming to birth." And the past is made up of dreams that are dead, while this present reality is "a dream that is coming to birth." If I cannot find the romance of olden times in this life, I must realize that this age too will one day be but a dream of the past, that I am now living in a part of history, and that it too has its beauty and greatness. O yes, I know how foolish I am! I know how much time I waste in these vain dreams. And I wonder . . . I wonder if I shall ever turn to reality with hope and delight. I wonder if I shall ever cease longing for the useless beauty of the past. Yes, often I have wondered that, but never, never have I wished it.

*Joan Wickman, XII*

## LADY CORISANDE TO LADY SILVANA

Cornwall Terrace, 12 May

I have just met the most eccentric person in London, Lady Anaplan. No doubt you have heard of her exaggerated love for those ancient Greeks and their philosophy, but I shall tell you more about her now since I know her. My Lord William Dandilion accompanied me to make this most extraordinary visit. I am sure that you must be quite shocked since I mention him to you so often in our correspondence, but, dear Silvana, he is the handsomest young man I have ever met, his ties and his perfumes are enough to make any girl's heart feel faint, and every time we pass together in the streets of Pall Mall and see that silly Lady Pinewood, she turns green with envy. She also cherished him avidly, but my charms drew him away from her clinging affection in the space of the big London ball.

Returning to Lady Anaplan, darling William (you should hear his "plaisantries": always mingled with the right amount of sarcasm and pique!) and I arrived at a large mansion on Queen Anne's Street. Instead of being ushered into the usual morning-room, we were taken to a large ballroom. William whispered, very close to my ear, that this chamber reminded Lady Anaplan of a Peristyle. I don't think so in the least—not my conception of a Peristyle, but of course there was the right number of Greek statues. It was rather a lovely room, with ornate ceilings of Greek design in gold, and two Corinthian columns, near the simple door, also painted finely with gold. However, I must say that the countenance of Lady Anaplan spoiled it all. My dear, she was reading a book in Greek! I almost had a fit of laughter, but Lord William, with a very "degagé" air and a ready smile, rushed off into a stream of most lovely compliments—almost as lovely as the ones he pays me.

I must tell you here that I found Lady Anaplan not only strange because she has a predilection for Greek, but especially because she also, in our time, adores the exact opposite of what I have heard the Greeks to be: to have an affection for Lord William, for instance—no Greek would ever have looked, much less talked with such wit, such sarcasm, such charm, such boldness—such foppishness. I have also heard it said that Greeks prized moderation; well, my Lady Anaplan is quite exaggerated, and for well-known reasons. 'Tis said

that, like our beloved Queen, she loves her food to a more than rational extent.

Likewise, she is very illogical—does not all this prove it? She should have been born in the Elizabethans' time! Silvana, dear, having naturally engaged upon a discourse about Greek art (the like you know me to be rather badly educated in, having a more thorough "connaissance" with the Ace of Spades), I was making a charming comment upon how Cicero surpassed Praxiteles in his groupings, and my Lord William was smiling, a twinkle in his eyes, at my knowledge, when her little nephew came in, breathless, asking for the hour, "for the clock, my lady, is broken; my brother aimed the darts at it and the glass splintered." Lady Anaplan, like a queen, sitting in her much decorated French fauteuil, gold with petit point, her rich, scarlet damask robe glittering in the sunlight, said: "Richard, my man, Socrates said, 'Know thyself!' Now the clock knows that it should avoid Thomas' darts because its glass breaks when hit. Do you apply the same to yourself!" With this, Richard, his eyes rolling, fled. Poor little rascal, instead of telling him the time, she had to make him feel that he was quite unwanted, with this continual outburst of Greek *Anáfn!* That is the only Greek word I know—my brother had me embroider it on a half dozen of his fine handkerchiefs. After more than an hour of such learned conversation (every young lady in London is dying to become Lady Dandilion, and to think that maybe I . . .), Lady Anaplan rose, and, pointing to a beautiful statue of Amphytrion, said to me: "My dear, remember, this is art, this is the kind of man I should like to meet nowadays, not bursting cockerels like Walpole—excepting of course my Lord Dandilion," she smiled graciously. I again almost fell into a fit of laughter, thinking about how Lady Anaplan would look, surrounded by a crowd of Amphytrions. William took my arm so that I should not slip on the shiny, uncarpeted floor, and thereupon we left. Do not write back to me, dear Silvana, that you know a more eccentric person than my Lady Anaplan, or I shall again flood you with letters exposing her ever-increasing pretensions.

Ever and affectionately yours,

Your friend,

Claude Goffart, XI



## "A SIGHT SO TOUCHING IN ITS MAJESTY"

The light of dawn breaking through the dove-grey mist gently envelops the outskirts of sleeping London. The morning breeze whispers through the endless rows of houses that it is time for the city to shake itself into consciousness. A few windows are slammed shut, and water boils for the morning cup of tea as the workers of London prepare for another day. The light swiftly speeds through the tortuous streets, catching the swinging sign of an old pub, a bobby's high helmet or a belisha beacon. And now one can distinctly see Kensington Gardens, the Broad Walk, the Round Pond, and the once fashionable Rotten Row; soon the children of the city will flock with their nannies to play games beneath the gnarled trees. The mist clears; the light sparkles on the figure of Eros poised above Picadilly Circus. The sun almost obliterates Nelson, but there are the four massive lions, a symbol of strength. A new day has dawned on London, touching, with its light,

historic places, streets, and homes as it has countless times before.

Today, however, in the awakening city there is a certain tingle of excitement, which can be felt in fashionable Mayfair, in colorful Soho, on the banks of the Thames, in every corner of the city. Today the beloved Princess Elizabeth is to be married. Forgotten are privations, queues, and shabbiness, for today there is to be a great procession. The coach drawn by the Windsor greys, His Majesty's guards, the milling, cheering crowds and Westminster Abbey awaiting—all this is London too. This important day is as much a part of London and her people as is the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament. The traditions of royalty and pomp of pageantry that this day will reveal are also the soul of London.

*Leone Olliff-Lee, XII*

## REMORSE

When yet a youth, I loved a slender girl  
Of tender grace and charm, and she loved me.  
Many the day we spent together, and  
We often told how fortunate we were.  
One night, malignant flames consumed the house,  
(Just as we told how fortunate we were).  
My face was burned out of its very shape  
And feature, and my eyes and lips were scarred.  
I could not see myself within that face—  
So strange it seemed to me; I knew that love,  
Though strong, might flee with horror at the sight.  
I banished from my door that slender form,  
Nor would let her see me as I was.  
Strange that she did not cry her love to me,  
Just called my name, and when I answered, "Go,"  
She went without a murmur or a tear!  
But not so strange, for many years ago,  
Though many after, (O, the years slip by,  
The countless, dim, commemorative years),  
They told me the malignant flames, that tore  
Away my face, had drawn away her sight.

*Patricia Weenolsen, XII*

## "HE FELL NOBLY DARING"

(Prize Narrative)

"He fell nobly daring," but hard! As I look back on it now, it seems quite funny, but at the time, it was far from that. I'm a retired cowboy, but once I was the best broncho-buster west of the Rockies.

I had just finished my third round trying to whip the buck out of one of them range-bred horses, and was on my way to sit down under the shade of a tree. A boy came up to me; finally finding the words to express himself, he blurted out, "Gee, you sure can ride." We started talking about what he wanted to be when he grew up, and sure 'noff he wanted to be a cowboy. He said he rode one of them big fat weaner calves in the next corral and got throw'd twice before he got to ride him, and said that he would like to show me *for proof*.

Then this ten-year-old picks up a rope, and is off to the corral. I got kinda worried, but figured I wasn't boss, so I mounted my bronc and started out for a good bumpy ride, thinkin' that maybe

he'd leave the weaner and watch me. But I guess that was wishful thinkin', for I looked over my shoulder and sees he's just roped hisself the biggest and fattest of the bunch. He tied a rope around him to hold onto, and waited for me to dismount my belling mount before he began the show.

As soon as he seen me settled, he climbed on the calf and started fanning him.

That little son-of-a-gun sure went to a heap of a lot of trouble to show off his riding. He was riding loose and reckless, and I figgered he'd only last a couple of jumps. But I guess I figgered wrong 'cause he stuck there like glue through the wickedest twists. Suddenly something happened too quick for the eye to see! In half a second the kid was standing on his head over the calf's withers, but before he landed, that mean calf kicked him to the far side of the corral. I seen him land in a heap "nobly daring!"

*Gioia Vlahos, IX*

## A LITTLE MAN'S DAY

(Prize Poem)

Once I saw a robin,  
A gay and lovely robin,  
I jumped upon that robin  
And flew, flew away.  
I flew up in the treetops,  
The tall and queenly treetops,  
I sat up in those treetops  
All day, day, day.  
But soon there came the night-time,  
The dark and horrid night-time,

The cold and lonely night-time,  
And I cried, cried, cried.  
I left my lovely treetops,  
Now cold, unhappy treetops,  
I left my sleeping robin  
And went home, home, home.  
Now, under my own covers,  
My nice and cosy covers,  
Warm under my thick covers  
I sleep, sleep, sleep.

*Frances Ewing, VIII*



## HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE A BOOK REPORT

One snowy day, when I was supposed to be writing a book report, a strange thing happened.

I was staring out of my window when an invisible voice said, "Daryl, write your book report!" I was going to write my book report on *Far From Marlborough Street* by Elizabeth Philbrook, but, somehow, I just didn't feel like writing.

After an hour or two, the invisible voice spoke again. "I am your grandmother," it said. "Follow my light and I will show you how to write a book report." I was startled. I hesitated a moment and then followed.

When I started to walk, a golden ladder appeared before me, and the voice told me to climb it. When I reached the ceiling, the roof vanished! I kept on climbing though my legs were getting very tired.

In the distance I saw a cloud with the words "Authors' Land" printed in gold on its side. The golden ladder stopped at the entrance. I went in and, to my amazement, I saw the characters from all the books that had ever been written! Again the voice spoke. "Watch closely what happens." My grandmother's voice was so queer and crackly, a shiver went down my spine. But I did as she told me.

My astonishment was beyond bounds when I saw the characters from *Far From Marlborough Street* step in front of the rest of the characters. Immediately they started to act their parts!

I did not dare to move for fear of harming this fairy-like place; the characters looked so real, yet their clothes were so delicate.

The story started out when Nancy went away from her home on Marlborough Street to help her Uncle Jonathan get some land. Her mother gave her a little box and the key to it. The heroic little negro boy, Jezebel, was as real as Grandmother Pettingill's will and the blue teapot. The play gave all the details and closed with Nancy's returning home and Uncle Jonathan's getting out of trouble.

As soon as the play was over, the invisible voice said, "We must be getting home now. Follow my light."

As we descended the ladder this time, I was not as frightened as I had been. The roof went back to its usual place when we were safely under it. All this time I had been following my grandmother's light.

She led me back to my seat by the window, and there before me lay the piece of paper and pencil, just as I had left them, except that the paper had the book report all written on it in my own handwriting!

Daryl Beckman, VII

## FRIENDSHIP

(This essay was influenced by Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on *Friendship*, which I have just read.)

What a strong feeling friendship is! What it would mean to the world if all people were friends! With a friend every little secret and inward feeling may be made known. You can talk with him and know he understands. A friend will comprehend with sympathy the deep things which a mere neighbor might pass over. You can trust a friend you love. With him you can talk over with interest what another might consider monotonous, what would cause him utmost boredom.

A friend brightens life where it is dull; and where life is already bright, adds something more precious than can at first be realized.

Friendship is like an iron cable which can be broken only when rust has worn through. So friendship, at least between mortals, can be broken only when death has worn through. Friendship shares its feelings in love and hate and peace and war. When death takes its toll, the intangible friendship passes on down through the ages between others, just as a cloud through which a bird may fly, remains undissolved.

Mary Katherine James, VIII

## HOW WIDE SHOULD IT BE?

(Prize Essay)

Staring does not help. I had stared fixedly at the same problem for fifteen minutes, but it was still the same sensible nonsense.

"Mr. Parker decided to have a border for flowers along both sides and across the rear of his back yard, which was sixty feet by forty feet. If the border is to be of uniform width and occupy one fifth of the yard, how wide should it be?"

At that moment I didn't care whether the border occupied one fifth or five fifths of Mr. Parker's yard. My eyes were heavy with sleep, and I longed to leave the elusive  $x$  and  $y$ , if only till the next day's math class.

Suddenly the problem came alive! I understood at last. It had nothing to do with algebra, nothing to do with numbers, for that matter. How could it? For the problem belonged to the Parkers, not to *First Year Algebra*.

Last March, when bald, raw patches of brown mud were beginning to disfigure the winter's snow, Mrs. Parker said to her husband, "John, don't you think we should do something with the back yard this year? Everybody else has flowers or vegetables or shrubbery at least."

Mr. Parker looked up from the mystery he was reading. "A flower border would be nice. We could have it along both sides and across the back of the yard. How wide do you think it should be?"

"That depends . . ." said Mrs. Parker.

That was how the problem started, Mr. Parker asked friends and relations, cousins and aunts, and they all had very definite ideas.

Mrs. Spixit, the lady next door, said that nasturtiums were nice, but they needed a lot of room. Mr. Parker's mother-in-law liked climbing roses; they needed almost no room. Mrs. Parker advocated a narrow border because she didn't want to crowd the garden furniture. The children said, "Remember the croquet set. That has to fit, too."

The dog, thinking in terms of a large bone-burial ground, was in favor of a wide border.

During all the weeks of debate, Mr. Parker never lost his temper; a sunflower could not have been more cheerful. But he was tired of the feuds over phlox and petunias. The very thought of a hoe made him nervous, and his sleep was troubled by visions of cut-worms and slugs. Finally he gave up. Mrs. Parker could have the garden if she wished, but he never wanted to hear of it again. Though Mrs. Parker tried valiantly, she never could decide how wide the flower bed should be.

And neither could I. But the math teacher could. Without considering the Parkers, she used a magic equation which immediately told how wide it should be.

*Phyllis La Farge, IX*



## VOCABULARY

"These words in themselves are night":

Shadow, dark and pale moonlight,  
Silver, star-dust, shadow, pool,  
Graveyard, nightmare, dungeon, ghoul,  
Spectre, silence, dream, and groan,  
Black and still and warm and moan,  
Strange, mysterious and kind,  
Long and quiet, slow and blind,  
Empty, echo, lonely, fright,  
These words in themselves are night!

*Courtenay Dewey Gentry, XI*

"These words in themselves are fair":

Shining, auburn, lucent hair,  
White neck, arms, light feet and hands,  
Blue, green, pinkish rainbow bands;  
Light, creation, thought, ideal,  
Painting, music, steadfast zeal;  
Stained-glass window, shaft of light,  
Church, and choir, and Christmas night;  
Joy and sorrow, solitude,  
Dancing, singing, quietude;  
God, and Earth, and loving care,  
These words in themselves are fair!

*Claude Goffart, XI*

"These words in themselves are home":

Children, parents, dogs that roam,  
Tantrums, temper, sobbing fits,  
Smiles and laughter, humour, wits,  
Silver, napkins, dinner plates,  
Flowers, fences, white-washed gates,  
High-backed chairs and sagging couches,  
Mumps and measles, father's grouches,  
Dripping raincoats, muddy floors,  
Cats and dogs and scratched-up doors,  
Lizards, toads, and mice, and birds  
Home makes up these simple words!

*Patricia Williams, XI*

## SEA FANTASIA

Fantastic sea of checkerboard:  
Red from the Red Sea, black from the Black,  
Shades of azure and turquoise from Mediterranean shores  
White from the river through Lake Geneva,  
Green with bitter salt from Atlantic and Pacific,  
Yellow from a muddy Chinese river.  
Enchanting.  
Star-shaped is the ship that sails this sea  
With every point a tale of past adventure.  
Center of fantasia.  
Norseman's proud curving masthead  
With eye of rugged sailor for a prow;  
Egyptian trireme—bronzed, sweating backs  
Straining to the mighty oars;  
Paddle wheels of a river boat thrash  
The vari-colored water;  
Dim small boat which for a dime  
Gladly takes one for a trip to Welfare isle;  
Gun-metal gray of present warship  
With mounted hatred in its turrets,  
Thousand masts and simple sails.  
Skull and crossbones, the Jolly Roger's omen  
Whirling, whirling, point counter-point  
Far-off Britannia rules the waves.  
No captain for my star ship  
Except any free sail who deems to try.  
But this is my dream  
And knowing the dreadful end  
From this point counter-point,  
The sinking of my ship into a Charybdis,  
N'er to rise up,  
I have made no human.  
For who can live long in  
"Fantasia"?

*Sherry Cogan, X*

## LES TAPISSERIES FRANÇAISES

Les tapisseries françaises au Musée Metropolitain sont arrangées selon les siècles depuis le quatorzième. Elles viennent des vieux châteaux français. Autrefois, les dames tissaient ces tapisseries pour les murs nus des châteaux.

Au quatorzième siècle, on faisait des tapisseries qui représentaient des faits religieux, tels que la vie de Saint Etienne et ses miracles, ou la vie de la Sainte Vierge. Les visages sont expressifs et les costumes sont intéressants comme forme et couleur. Il y en a de beaux rouges et de beaux bleus. Les fonds sont simples et d'ordinaire d'une couleur.

Comme les siècles passaient, la tapisserie devenait plus ornée, plus grande, et elle perdait sa simplicité. Les visages devenaient plus développés, plus modernes, les vêtements beaucoup plus ornés et détaillés. Il y a plus de personnages dans les tapisseries, et maintenant il est plus difficile de distinguer leurs actions. Les fonds sont de diverses couleurs.

La Chasse de la Licorne est l'une des séries les plus connues. J'aime le feuillage vert et jaune, les mouvements gracieux, l'uniformité, et le symbolisme qui s'en dégage. Je trouve que cette série est plus artistique et délicate que les autres. J'aime aussi l'Apocalypse et les tapisseries qui représentent la vie de Louis XIV. Par ces tapisseries on peut apprendre les événements quotidiens du peuple et de la royauté à cette époque.

Avant que les tapisseries deviennent tout à fait modernes, il y a une série qui représente des montures pour les tableaux. Il y a toujours des anges, des trompettes et des arabesques. Elles sont jolies, décoratives, mais elles ne veulent rien dire.

Les tapisseries modernes sont horribles, à mon avis. Elles sont comme les peintures modernes abstraites. Les couleurs sont trop vives et ne sont pas harmonieuses. La plupart expriment des sentiments qui ne semblent pas honnêtes et sincères. Peut-être faut-il étudier l'art abstrait pour les apprécier.

*Patricia Weenolsen, XII*

### MON CANARI, CHIRPY

Mon canari, qui s'appelle Chirpy, est jaune et gris. Il ne chante pas, excepté à midi. Il a juste fini de muer. La semaine dernière, on lui a coupé les ongles parce qu'ils étaient très longs et il était pris sur son perchoir.

Chirpy mange beaucoup et il est très gras. Il mange un biscuit d'œuf et deux différentes graines pour canaris tous les jours. Sa cage est très grande et Chirpy l'aime.

C'est un canari doré, entraîneur d'opéra. J'aime beaucoup mon canari. Est-ce que vous l'aimez?

*Daryl Beckman, VII*

### UN PORTRAIT

Peut-être ne me connaissez-vous pas. Je suis petit, oui, très petit! et j'ai six longues jambes et six grands pieds. Mes oreilles sont bleues. J'ai les yeux rouges et les cheveux courts et verts. Pensez . . . Qui suis-je?

Je suis le microbe dans la salle trente et un.

*Frances Ewing, VIII*

## LES DEUX ARBRES

Il y avait dans une forêt près de Paris deux arbres; l'un était un pin très grand et majestueux, et l'autre était petit. Mais les oiseaux aimaient mieux le petit arbre parce qu'il était plus aimable que l'autre. Le pin disait toujours: "Quelque jour, je serai grand et beau, et tout le monde m'admira." C'est pour cette raison que les oiseaux n'aimaient pas le pin.

Un jour, trois hommes entrèrent dans la forêt et regardèrent les deux arbres en réfléchissant. Finalement, un homme montra le pin et dit aux autres: "Voici le meilleur arbre de la forêt.

Coupez-le." Alors, les hommes coupèrent le pin et l'emportèrent loin de la forêt. Le petit arbre regardait tout avec envie et surprise.

Le lendemain les oiseaux vinrent et s'installèrent dans les feuilles des arbres. Le petit arbre leur posa des questions au sujet du pin et ils lui répondirent: "Le pin qui parlait toujours de la renommée sera un arbre de Noël dans une maison de Paris. Après Noël il brûlera et ce sera sa fin. Maintenant, vous aurez plus de soleil et vous croîtrez grand et beau. Nous ferons nos nids dans vos branches et vous nous protégerez.

*Elinor Myers, X*



## EL SIGLO DE ORO

El siglo diez y seis es el Siglo de Oro de la literatura española. A continuación nos ocuparemos de dos de los genios que figuran en esta época.

La novela está representada por la obra maestra de Cervantes: Don Quijote. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra nació en Alcalá de Henares y fué bautizado el 9 de octubre de 1547. Estudió en Madrid con Juan López de Hoyos y más tarde fué a Roma. Después de pelear en Lepanto, donde perdió la mano izquierda, estuvo cautivo en África durante cuatro años. Después de regresar a España, escribió *La Galatea*, una novela pastoral, en 1584. Después de muchas aventuras, volvió a dedicarse a las letras. Escribió también obras teatrales, pero la mayoría de ellas se perdieron. En 1605 su obra maestra fué publicada en Madrid. Era muy popular pero Cervantes continuaba siendo pobre.

Cuando Cervantes principió a escribir Don Quijote deseaba componer una parodia de los libros de caballería, pero a medida que escribía se interesaba en los personajes que estaba creando y el resultado fué una de las más grandes y profundas filosofías de la vida. Los dos personajes principales de esta novela son Don Quijote, un pobre hidalgo que, después de leer muchos libros de caballería, se creyó él mismo un gran caballero. Su compañero era Sancho Panza, que llevaba en vez de armas una bota de vino y un saco de provisiones y en la cabeza la realidad para contrarrestar las fantasías de Don Quijote.

Los dos encuentran muchas aventuras fantásticas, divertidas o trágicas. Don Quijote lucha por

una ilusión: la de arreglar el mundo a su gusto. Representa las aspiraciones de la humanidad, una figura más trágica que cómica.

El producto más típico del Siglo de Oro es la comedia, y el padre de la comedia y el drama español es Lope de Vega. Lope Félix de Vega Carpio nació en 1562 en Madrid. Empezó a escribir cuando era muy joven. Su discípulo Juan Pérez de Montalván dijo que había escrito mil ochocientas comedias y cuatrocientos autos sacramentales.

Muy grande fué la importancia literaria de Lope, pues de todos los dramaturgos él fué el que inventó el mayor número de argumentos y situaciones dramáticas y cómicas. Sus personajes y argumentos sirvieron de base para los creados después por otros escritores.

Al aparecer Lope de Vega empezó una lucha entre las dos escuelas dramáticas: una defendía el teatro popular y combatía las normas clásicas; la otra, la escuela clásica, se adhería a las reglas griegas y latinas. Lope de Vega introdujo innovaciones y creó con su genio el teatro nacional. El genio de Lope de Vega fué principalmente su poesía lírica. Sus mejores comedias son las de capa y espada.

Su genio era tal que cuando se realizaba algo imposible, se solía decir: "esto parece cosa de Lope".

La muerte de esta gran figura literaria dió ocasión a una demostración de duelo nacional.

Nadine Bertin; Betty Blair, *Spanish III*

## LA CLASE DE ESPAÑOL

El segundo timbre para la clase de español de la tarde, toca. Nancy por lo común, llega tarde.

"Buenos días Señora".

"Buenas tardes, Nancy".

"Ahora, página 148, ¿Como forma usted el imperfecto de subjuntivo del verbo 'ver'? — Y Maude contesta: ¿Si?, pero no dice mas. Después de un rato, Señora trata de nuevo. — "Empiece Ellie".

— "Dado que tenga dinero, lo compraré". — "No, la compraré". — ¿Por qué la Señora? Señora dice: "La bicicleta, naturalmente". Ellie exclama desesperada: "No hay una bicicleta en esta frase". — "Pero se aludió a ella antes".

Patricia está resuelta, se prepara a escuchar una discusión de media hora. Después de ese tiempo, la cuestión no está arreglada todavía.

Llegamos a la segunda frase. ¿"Halló usted que

la comedia del teatro "Cosmos" era interesante? — Nancy hace su acostumbrada traducción medida sílaba por sílaba. Maude la interrumpe entre las dos eles de "hallar" y pregunta a Señora. — ¿Vió Vd. "Annie get your gun?" — Por consiguiente surge una discusión de quince minutos sobre los méritos de las comedias, mantillas y corridas de toros.

El timbre va a tocar. Claudia toca a Nancy con el codo, siempre entre dos eles, para ver la hora. Ellie, que no siendo por sus chirridos, contorsiones, gemidos, etc. etc. está silenciosa, dice al cabo de un rato: — "Así todo, no creo que era una bicicleta, Señora". — Señora se agarra a la mesa: — "No importa, dije que no importaba nada". — "Pero, Señora, si la bicicleta . . ."

El timbre toca.

Claude Goffart, *Spanish II*

## SONGS OF SEVEN

Where, O where are the havoc-raising sevens,  
Where, O where are the teacher-dazing sevens,  
Where, O where are the ever amazing sevens,  
Safe, now, in the next year's class.  
They've gone out their study rules neglecting,  
They've gone out their laziness perfecting,  
They've gone out intelligence rejecting,  
Safe, now, in the next year's class.

Where, O where are the ever scribbling eights,  
Where, O where are the cookie-nibbling eights,  
Where, O where are the always quibbling eights,  
Safe, now, in the Freshman class.  
They've gone out their sophistication airing,  
They've gone out their nylon stockings tearing,  
They've gone out their boy friends a-scaring,  
Safe, now, in the Freshman class.

Where, O where are the notice-posting nines,  
Where, O where are the snow-coasting nines,  
Where, O where are the chevron-boasting nines,  
Safe, now, in the Sophomore class.  
They've gone out their multi-colors flaunting,  
They've gone out all the Seniors a-taunting,  
They've gone out the drugstores haunting,  
Safe, now, in the Sophomore class.

Where, O where are the rapier-mending tens,  
Where, O where are the page-boy-tending tens,  
Where, O where are the voice-rending tens,  
Safe, now, in the Junior class.  
They've gone out the drama adoring,  
They've gone out their baskets scoring,  
They've gone out their order restoring,  
Safe, now, in the Junior class.

Where, O where are the perfume-reeking Juniors,  
Where, O where are the knowledge-seeking Juniors,  
Where, O where are the photo-peeking Juniors,  
Safe, now, in the Senior class.



They've gone out in every college dancing,  
They've gone out their good looks enhancing,  
They've gone out in Vogue fashions prancing,  
Safe, now, in the Senior class.  
Where, O where are the faint and weepy Seniors,  
Where, O where are the sad and sleepy Seniors,  
Where, O where are the quaint and creepy Seniors,  
Out, out, in the cold, cold world.  
They've gone out their lipsticks blaring,  
They've gone out the new look daring,  
They've gone out for college preparing,  
Out, out, in the cold, cold world.

Where, O where are the standard-erecting teachers,  
Where, O where are the grammar-perfecting teachers,  
Where, O where are the school-directing teachers,  
Resting up for the next year's class.  
They've gone out their meetings attending,  
They've gone out our announcements amending,  
They've gone out fewer privileges extending,  
Resting up for the next year's class.



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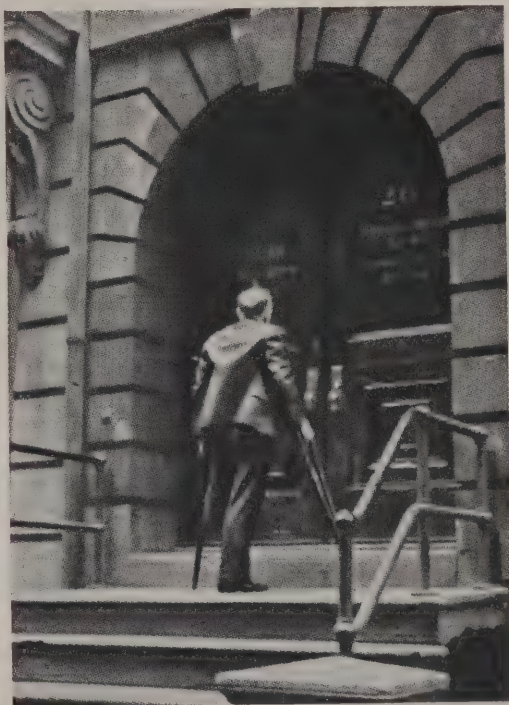
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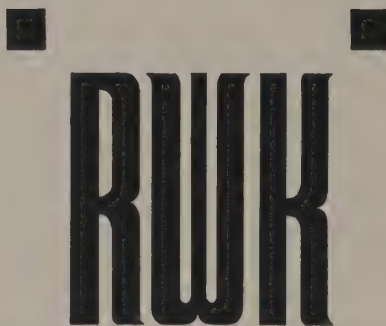
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